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THE EAGLE



# RICHARD II



# -APRIL 1968

KRUEGER, STEINBACH.

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# THE EAGLE



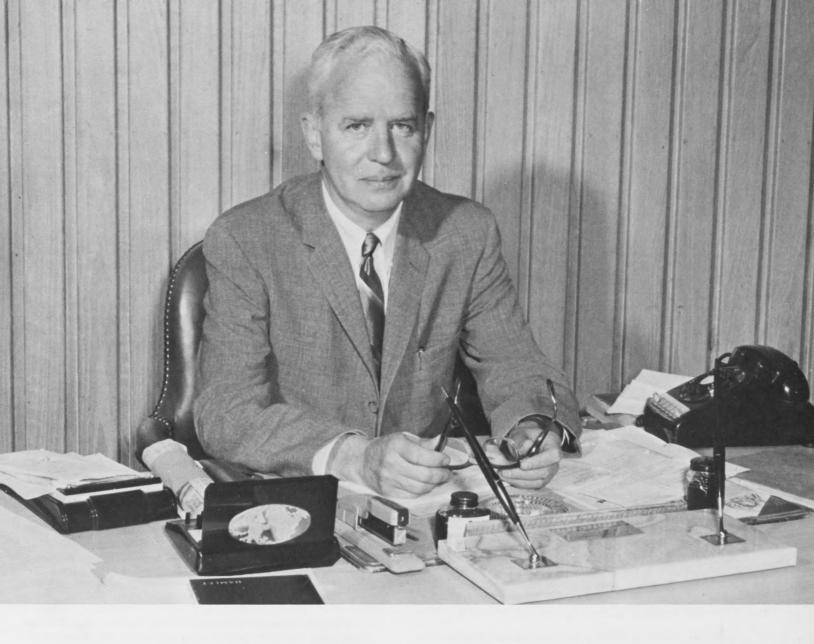
ST. JOHN'S - RAVENSCOURT

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA NUMBER 19

# THE YEAR OF CHANGE

During the lifetime of the school there are always changes as the school evolves from one stage to the next, but some years are more significant than others in this evolution. This year is one of those years: Richard L. Gordon who has been Headmaster of St. John's-Ravenscourt School for sixteen years is leaving to become Executive Director of the Glenbow-Alberta Institute in Calgary. This issue of The Eagle is respectfully dedicated to his headmastership. As we live through this year of change we are reminded of Mr. Gordon's talk at chapel on Red River Scholarship Weekend in 1967 when he referred to a visit paid to this school by Charles Camsell when he was quite old and when the masters and boys he had known were gone; at that time Charles Camsell said:

"My school is the boys and the men I lived with and came to know almost as I knew my family. The boys and the men are still here and they are still my family."



# RICHARD L. GORDON HEADMASTER ST. JOHN'S - RAVENSCOURT SCHOOL 1952 - 1968

# THE GORDONS AT S.J.R.

These will be random notes about my sixteen years as Headmaster of the School. If ever the history of the School should be written they may offer the writer a footnote or two and some anecdotes of this period.

I arrived at the school at the age of 32 in July 1952. The next morning I went out to see the Blue Bombers practicing on our field. I went out to ask them if they had permission and was told by George Trafton, the Coach, to mind my own "bloody business". That was the start of my first day as Headmaster. I lived in what is now the School Captain's room that month and in August, when my wife joined me, we moved into a small suite in the gymnasium building — which is now the Lower School boarders' common room. My office, now a dormitory, was the room on the right as you came in the front door of Thompson House.

I remember the first day of term very clearly. One bus drove up to disgorge some 30 or 40 dayboys to be met by about an equal number of boarders. E.B. Osler, whose son Cameron was the first son of a Ravenscourt old boy to come to the School, had driven Cam out and he watched and waited with me.

We had, however, had an interesting year. Speakers had included Mr. Justice Freedman, Jim Richardson, Eliot Rodger and the Dean of St. Pauls. We beat a Kelvin team in football, tied Dauphin at Dauphin and then trounced them at home. There was, I felt and hoped, a growing feeling that we could make a go of it.

It is perhaps worth mentioning the arrangement of classes this first year. The Lower School — Grades 1 to 6 — were taught in two "classrooms" in the basement of the gym. Grades 7 and 8 were taught in the second floor south east dormitory of Thompson House, Grades 9 and 10 in the south west dormitory on the same floor, Grade 11 in what is now the living room of the master's suite and Grade 12 in the dormitory at the top of the stairs.

Some other notes on building and grounds......Dormitories were on the third floor of Thompson House and in the gym. The present library was the dining room and the present laundry was the kitchen.

Thompson House and the gym were the only two buildings. The main playing field was only half of its present size — the other half being in trees. The field was supposed to be cut once a summer by arrangement with some farmer but he took his responsibilities very lightly and it used to grow knee high in grass,

weeds and thistles and we had many complaints from householders across the way. The present river field did not exist. It was carved out of the wilderness much later. The driveway, which was the old South Drive, re-routed after the flood of 1950, went through what is now the dining hall. We built an outdoor chapel near Thompson House and held our end-of-term chapel service in it, carrying out a piano for the occasion. The chapel was where the basement canteen and common room is.

There was a great big portrait of Archbishop Macray — a very bad painting and the boys poked holes in the eyes and shone flash lights through them at night. I finally had the portrait removed and the eyes patched but where it is now I don't know.

The garbage cans were on a lattice enclosed stand behind Thompson House and rats were plentiful. I remember a Saturday morning when we removed the cans and the fence and upended the platform. The boys rushed around clubbing the vermin. We employed some pest exterminators after that.

There was more swimming in the river then — legal and semi-legal. I think the river is more polluted now perhaps or boys have become more fastidious or more sensible. We had great Saturday morning brush cutting efforts and the boys did vertually all the marking of the fields (under Tom Bredin's direction) and all the flooding of the outdoor rink — working all night shifts sometimes when it was very cold. Some masters thought this was a bad thing and would ruin them academically. I don't think it did.

The most important event of 1954-55 was the visit of Vincent Massey, the Governor General to open the Memorial Wing — now, fallen in fortune a mere projection of the Lower School Building containing a couple of classrooms, the Alumni Office and a common room. It was a great event. When the building was being built I remember Jim Richardson, Chairman of the Board, climbing up with me to the peak of the roof and both of us exclaiming on the size and splendour of the whole project. This was also the year the Hamber Hall was started and there was of course much enthusiasm for this project. Apart from the need for a larger dining hall and more classrooms there was by this time urgent need for more boarding space. Boarders in Thompson House were eight and ten to a room. They were all very good sports about it though. Living conditions were very far from ideal.

By 1955-56 the teaching staff numbered 14. We had a total enrolment of about 140. I remember the year before when we "broke a hundred". I rushed home on the Saturday morning, when I received the hundredth application and had a glass of





sherry with my wife.

1959-60. If there was a year in which it can be said that the School assumed its present shape this is the year. The Lower School now had its own administrative head, Hamber Hall had been finished and opened by Eric Hamber (in memory of his father). During his opening remarks he became so choked with emotion that he never really finished his speech. He was a fine old man and was friendly and cordial with the boys.

It is startling for me to realize that the staff was only half its present size but the enrolment was too large for an annual photograph of everybody grouped on the lawn by Thompson House.

This was the year we started the Junior Prefect scheme for boys in Grade 11. Grade 12 standing had now become a compulsory requirement for entrance to University and so all prefects were chosen from that Grade. Prior to this a fair number of boys left after 11 and prefects were chosen from both years.

The most important event of this year was perhaps the January Meetings which brought to the School Davidson Dunton (President of Carleton University), Francis Parkman (then Executive Secretary of the National Council of Independent Schools), Lawrence Terry (then Headmaster of Middlesex School), Moffat Woodside (then Principal of U. of T.'s University College), Ted Davidson (then Chairman of Toronto School Board and a former colleague of my V.C.C. days), Hum Bonnycastle (Headmaster of Rothesay) and some local people including the Chairman of the Winnipeg School Board.

The out-of-town visitors lived in dormitories in Hamber Hall. (The boys got up early to clear the washroom.) They met with the boys, with the staff, with the Board on Friday afternoon, all day Saturday and Sunday morning discussing various aspects of the question: what makes a good school? I don't know that anyone came up with any startling answers but the fact of having all these people here and seeing their friendly interest in our affairs was an encouragement to us all and gave us I think a sort of new belief in our efforts. It was as good for morale as the visit of Vincent Massey had been when he opened the Memorial Wing.

The events of the succeeding years are well known to so many members of the present staff and Board that they do not need to be set down in detail here. Of this last half of my time here I should however say a word about one of the most important decisions we made — the decision to double classes from Grades 7 to 12.

The decision was a right one I think but a very difficult one. When we made it we knew that it meant more building, more staff, the necessity of finding more boys. It was made partly because it was believed that such increase in numbers would enable the school to break even financially. This belief was unfounded.

This decision inevitably made the School a little more impersonal. I began to feel that I knew fewer boys really well, that I was confined to my office for longer each day and that I could no longer have or expect to have quite the same relationship to the life of the School as had been the case when we were smaller. Too many of the dayboys I know only by name and sight.

It was however the right decision. It was this decision that enabled us to attract the broad public support we have enjoyed in raising money for buildings. It has given us size and confidence, better teams, a stronger staff and a larger importance than would ever have been possible otherwise. I should like to end these rambling notes with two anecdotes that stick in my mind.

Procter Girard, aged 11, had found an old bugle around the School which he asked me if he could have. I gave it to him. An hour later he came to my office with a bloody mouth and torn between tears and laughter. His front tooth had been pushed backward. "What happened to you?" "Well it was like this, sir. I was in command and we were about to attack. I shouted 'follow me men' put the bugle to my lips and ran into the side of the gym."

We tried to raise chickens at the school in one of the early years. I had visions of feeding the boys fried chicken every Sunday night. Mary and I were at a formal dance at Balmoral Hall where we met a farm wife. We asked her about raising chickens and discovered we weren't feeding our birds nearly enough. We arrived back at the school and in evening dress, white tie and all went and fed the starving creatures. Later, when it got cold and wet we moved them into the basement of the gym where they smelled the place up to high heaven. This was all during the summer. We went away and left them in charge of Sheila Maurer, Russ Gowing, Walter Hartwig and Tom Bredin. I was in Penticton when I got a letter from Sheila who told me that they had decided to sell the ones that had not already perished to Dunn-Rite broilers. We almost recovered our outlay. There was no talk of raising chickens again.



# ANOTHER CHANGE . . .



MR. L.D. McMURRAY, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS, 1965-1968, HANDS POSITION TO MR. S.A. SEARLE JR. LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING.

# **NEW**

# **HEADMASTER** H.J.P. SCHAFFTER

On Tuesday, October 1st Mr. Stewart A. Searle Jr., Chairman of the Board of Governors, St. John's-Ravenscourt School, announced to the School at chapel the appointment of H. John P. Schaffter as Headmaster of the School with effect from April 1st, 1969. Born in Iran of British parents Mr. Schaffter was educated in England, received his M.A. degree from King's College, Cambridge in 1955 and at the time of his appointment was assistant to the Headmaster of the Preparatory School, Upper Canada College, Toronto.

Mr. Schaffter succeeds Richard L. Gordon, Headmaster of the school from 1951 who has resigned to become Executive Director of the Glenbow-Alberta Institute in

January 1969.

Mr. Searle also announced that effective January 1st, 1969 and until Mr. Schaffter takes up his post, Thomas F. Bredin, Assistant Headmaster would assume responsibility for the School as acting Headmaster.







# THE EAGLE STAFF



ON STAIRS: Thomas H., Kobrinsky, Mitchell, McCreath, Whittaker, Thompson, Lauder, Wyatt, Sherman, Hutchings, Denmark.
BACK ROW: Woodhead, Thomas G., Payne.
FRONT ROW: Bredin, Rolf, Alms, Harris, Matthews, Johnson, Lawrence, Krueger, Mardin, Sprague.
SEATED: Searle, Mr. McLeod.

Editor-in-Chief.STEWART SEARLEAssistant Editors.NATHAN KOBRINSKY, LAWRENCE THOMPSONActivities.RICHARD WOODHEAD, MICHAEL PAYNESports.PETER McCREATHLiterary.PHILIP WYATTAdvertising Manager.GREG LAWRENCEAssistants.ROB MITCHELL, LLOYD SIMMONS, KIM SHERMAN,
DREW LAUDER, LIONEL WHITTAKER, MARK HENDERSON Photography GERALD SCHWARTZ, MICHAEL BOOKBINDER STEPHAN KRUEGER, DAVID JOHNSON, ROB ROLF MICHAEL MATTHEWS, JOHN BREDIN
Art
Reporters GREG THOMAS, HUGH THOMAS, GERALD SCHWARTZ JIM ROWED, LIONEL WHITTAKER, KEITH HARRIS
DiaryDONALD DENMARKStaff AdvisorGORDON D. McLEOD

# EDITORIAL THE YEAR OF CHANGE

This year the winds of change are blowing over St. John's-Ravenscourt. Mr. Gordon stepped down from his position which he has held for sixteen years. This vacancy was filled by Mr. Schaffter. In addition, Mr. Searle succeeded Mr. McMurray as Chairman of the Board of Governors. These two major changes have triggered and doubtless will continue to trigger many other changes.

Often a great number of changes in a short period can be very disrupting especially in a school of this kind. Changes are not only disrupting, but in some circumstances they can be disastrous. However, if they are viewed in the proper prospective, then disaster can be averted. If disaster is to be avoided, then what is really important in the final analysis is our attitude towards these changes.

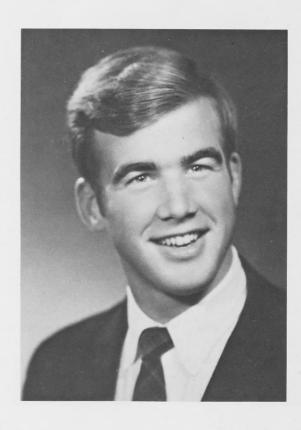
How should we view change? The only way to intelligently evaluate the problem is to view it in the light of our major objectives. Everyone should have some concrete individual objectives in life, towards which he strives. Whether it be to get accepted into the university of your choice, or whether it be to be a prefect, one must have a clear idea fixed in his mind of what his objectives are and everything else should be looked at in terms of the final achievement of these objectives. As a result of changes, small barriers may be set in our way, but in terms of the final objectives, nothing will have been lost. Transferring this idea from an individual to the school, we might ask, what are the school's objectives? Immediately one answer is: to prepare boys for entrance into university. However the objectives of the school cover a much larger area. St. John's-Ravenscourt guides an

individual through the transition from a boy to a young man, preparing him to meet the complexities of the world by entrusting him with new responsibility. The ultimate goal is the gaining in respect of the individual for fellow man, for the community, and for the country. When viewed in the light of these objectives, it is clear that there may be benefit reaped from changes.

There is a need for change in the school because the world outside is changing. The facilities, the teaching techniques, and the disciplinary system that were modern five years ago, are no longer modern. If the school is going to keep pace with the world, we must dismiss the idea that change is disastrous, and take up a progressive outlook.

Mr. Gordon has changed the school. He had only been in the school four years when I first came, and since then the development that the school has undergone is incredible. I respect him greatly for what he has done for the school. The development will not end here. Nor in terms of the overall objectives of the school will any ground be lost. But the winds of change will continue to blow, and even greater progress will be made.

Stewart Searle Editor



## A NEW SCHOOL CAPTAIN . . .



### **EDWARD MYERS PINS JOHN HUTCHINGS**

This is indeed a year of change. Canada is being led by a new Prime Minister, she has a practically brand new National Hockey Team, and St. John's-Ravenscourt School has a new headmaster. By the time this yearbook comes out, I will have been School Captain under three different headmasters: Mr. Gordon, Mr. Bredin, and Mr. Schaffter.

The first thing I remember of Mr. Gordon goes back to the days when I was just beginning at S.J.R. in grade five. I was standing at the front door when Mr. Gordon and Mr. Bredin walked in. The former, who somehow knew my name, asked me if I was any relation to Sandy (a Sandy Hutchings had graduated from S.J.R. just before I came.) Wide-eyed and dumbfounded at actually being spoken to by a real headmaster, I replied, "No, he's my brother".

I became much better acquainted with Mr. Gordon in the Upper School. It was then that he, along with my parents, helped me through a couple of very lean years when I was fed up with and sick of St. John's-Ravenscourt.

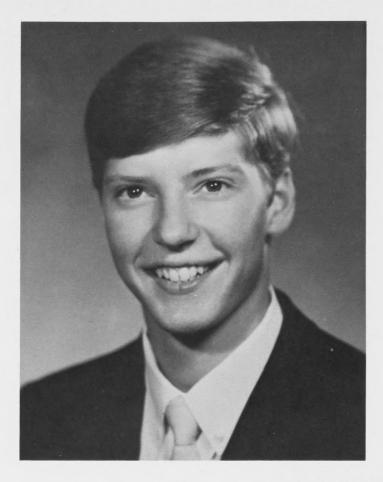
So far in this, my last year and what I think will be my best year at S.J.R. he has helped me immeasurably. And words cannot express my appreciation. I have a great respect for Mr. Gordon and will never forget what he has done for me.

In wishing him the best of luck in his new career I can assure him that his influence on me and the school as a whole will never be forgotten.

I also want to welcome Mr. Schaffter to S.J.R. and encourage all the boys to give him the fullest co-operation in the years to come.

John Hutchings School Captain

# ONE BOARDING VICE-CAPTAIN



#### DON DENMARK

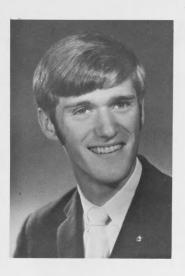
Strap majored in telephone usage this year, which is shown by the cracked and splintered wood at the top of the doorway into the Prefect's Common Room, and with his record-setting sequence of headaches. A R.R.S., Don was our basketball star, although some games found him and Cal bouncing basketballs off referee's heads. Don also had a go at football this year. Unfortunately he found out that there was not enough room in one backfield for both him and Searle. A knee injury and crutches side lined Don, after a somewhat confused football career. A new recruit from Hinton last year, we are glad to see him as one of our Vice-Captains this year. Although his future is still undecided, a person with his resourcefulness, conscientiousness, and sincerety is guaranteed success.

# ONE DAYBOY VICE-CAPTAIN

#### **GERALD SCHWARTZ**

A dayboy senior prefect, Gerry finally managed to organize noon waiters as bus drivers and bus drivers as waiters. Aside such obvious difficulties, Ger did manage to have everyone fed at lunch, and taken home at night. Gerry filled the post of President Student Activist with convincing sincerity. Gerry continues to prove "love is a many splendered thing"; his romance is so long lived, it seems to date back to B.C. in addition to loving mankind, particularly womenkind. Gerry acted as the Prefect's Common Room Guru, his lofty thoughts transcended the bounds of brilliance, his meditation took the form of eating as much food as possible in the shortest time, and then expounding his brilliance with his mouth full. Who can say mumbles are idiotic? Gerry's incomprehensibility resulted in the fact that in a recent poll, he was voted the best known non-entity running for the presidency of Senegal. However, we hope he is successful in this, his most recent project, even if we are not sure it is the same Gerry Schwartz.





#### TOM KNIGHT

T.K., the Terrace Bay Kid, was easily recognizable by his unique laugh and his stable appearance after a wild Saturday night. T.K. spent most of his weekends visiting Linda...uh, Darlene...uh, Donna, but when he was back at the school, he sat making plans for the next weekend. Tom was one of our 'strong man prefects' and he was charged with the duty of having to defend the rest of the prefects in the event that the grade eights became too powerful.

#### MICHAEL PAYNE

It was not until this year that the school had an opportunity to witness Mike's humour in all its full and subtle forms. As well as lowering the grade 12's to the realms of raucous laughter with the choicest offerings of Children's Digest, T.V. Head was a standout on the soccer field. Mike's diligence and reputation as a constant bookworm gave him the markings of success and we see for him a great future writer or successor to Rogatien Vachon.



#### JOHN GOLLWITZER

Golly escaped from Cuba with a barrel of Cuban cigars, and has been living on his laurels ever since. In addition to his escaping Cuba, Golly Evades all superflous, time-consuming work, and traffic police in his Jaguar. A vegetable gardener of some repute, John's philosophy has taken root in the smoking room, where his loyalty to nurturing it has led the other boys to call him Fidel. In fact, fidelity is John's prime virtue; he has yet to leave the school later than 3:05.

#### LLOYD SIMMONS

Lloyd's remarkable ability to stampede around on the football field with his cleats making a strange "lelele" noise as he ran over thousands of poor defenceless microbes, cowed the opposition. Lloyd is a real individualist and champion of individual rights, because he is not afraid to ride with the herd. Although at home now, on this range (should be by now because he has been on it since he was six) Lloyd is seeking greener pastures next year. Good Luck!









#### RICHARD WOODHEAD

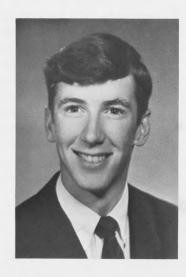
'Youth will have its way' and the old lags in grade twelve are forced constantly to bend to Richard's will. A forceful personality like Wayne Harris, the Thumper made his presence felt on the rink and on the football field. A sensitive lad, Rickie refused to bother Mr. Gorrie, saying it was unkind, or to torture frogs. A true Canadienne fan, can have nothing too serious wrong with him; unfortunately Woodie does not fill this qualification.

#### **JIM ROWAND**

In the full bloom of his youth, Lotus keeps opposing forwards feeling insecure by his brilliant saves on the soccer field and hockey ring, Lotus keeps the smoking room a hotbed of discussion another of his budding projects. Jimi, who can quote Chairman Mao by heart, maintains a deep rooted hatred of weeds. arising every morning from the Lotus position, arranging his hair like a floral arrangment of Zinnias and Chrysanthimums, Lotus waters his window box and he faces the day with gusto.

#### KIM SHERMAN

Tank, the best potato picker of them all, was back again his year to join Ox and Rocket with their usual antics. Kim spazzed through soccer, helping the Senior Team to make the finals. But this true talent shone through in basketball. Kim spent most of his time during lunch giving excuses for Air Canada's failure to have a daily flight into Penticton. Although Kim himself has not decided about his future, we all know that he will end up as a pilot for Irish Air Lines.





#### RANDY BOWMAN

A sometimes football-soccer player, Randy, in a moment of mental lapse, revealed his true identity in leaping high into the air (200 feet) and changing into his star-spangled boiler suit, and singing 'America the Beautiful' Captain America had his own show every evening on Radio Free Thompson House on which he impersonated a mere mortal. Ski Buff knows a hart from a head, and thus is hard to catch on the ski slopes. The American Government would also like to catch him. His favourite saying is, "Don't SWEAT MAN".

#### TOM BARROLL

S.J.R.'s crack prefect could often be seen blinking in the smoking room haze. A basketball star, who revealed a remarkable talent for scoring baskets after tripping on a breakaway. Any joke, particularly his own, would send him off into muscular spasms of mirth. Tom's wit in French class continues to amuse the assembled masses. Besides being a student of the French way of life, Cracker is doing an in-depth study of the relationship between pro basketball playing and the ability to fix 'blinkies' for Physics Labs.





#### PHILLIP WYATT

Ox can make any college football team in Canada, but his baseball predictions were strictly busch. Phillip keeps committing the cardinal sin of excessive hometown pride. A real patriot, Phil wears Betsy Ross Hand-Sewn Old Glory Jeans. Although his promising basketball career was dislocated last year, his spirits are set on stardom this year. Phil's heart swells with pride everytime he hears "Meet Me in St. Louis" until he hears that it is Denny McLain playing.

#### PETER McCREATH

Like Rocket Richard, Rocket McCreath has all the moves on the ice, and a blistering slapshot. In fact if you ask him nicely he will tell you just how fast it is. A born physicist, Pete can be seen in the physics lab altering his brain waves with massive doses of physics experimentation in an attempt to put some feeling in the way he says, "If I have only one life, let my live it as a blond". At any rate, Pete chased a football or soccer ball around the respective fields all fall.

#### DREW LAUDER

Prunie La Fronde, another super-hero, is in real life a meek mild-mannered, ace car stunt man -Prune Wrinkle. Drew liked playing hockey and soccer until he discovered that both had a crease and since then nothing will amuse him, not even jokes in math class. Prune duels constantly with evil wrong-doers in his secret identity, having evolved several new wrinkles in crime prevention. However, he has never served a warrant on himself for his nefarious deeds in his car, or the traffic violations in his glove-compartment.

#### **GREG LAWRENCE**

Captain Crunch of the Senior Soccer Team, this year stumped the opposition with his moves on right wing. Stumping up and down the rink with a hockey stick in his hands is his idea of winter fun, it is too bad the big boys will not let him play. No amount of valiant effort can set him to school quite on time but we hear it serves the purpose on weekends. The Hawk can always be counted on to laugh when laughter is in order, and remain serious when that is required.

Ambition — to sell a refrigerator to an Eskimo

Probable Destiny - 30 2 4 boards.







#### STEWART SEARLE

Although Sloopy isn't back in boarding this year we're glad to see him here most of the time, tearing his hair out over the yearbook. Stew's quarterback career in football was shortlived, and it took him quite a while to adjust to soccer. Stookie was kept busy in Maths, teaching the class and Mr. Laidlaw. Also a physicist at heart, so far his experiments are working, but we are expecting an explosion any time now. Stew hopes to attend Queen's and we wish him luck in his teaching career there too.



#### JOHN HUTCHINGS

Beastly, our friendly dancing bear, exhibited his mean streak this year, keeping the boys in line as school captain. Moreover, as fullback on the Senior Soccer Team, he mercilessly mauled the attacking forwards. But hockey is his true love, aside from wenching. The school finally built a cage strong enought to hold him, and Beast was able to become a border for the first time. Which leads us to the greatest problem: how will we get him out at the end of the year, and past the Fort Garry Police.

#### LAUREN JACKLIN

Nipawin's number one son found himself a permanent niche as a Senior Prefect. Although he had reservations about playing football, play he did. Lauren really likes being in grade twelve since he is no longer low man on the totem pole. Nicknamed Red Power, because of his ability to collect goals in hockey like scapls, and scalps of grade nines like goals. Lauren pins his hopes for a better world on Canada's number one politician — Eagle Keys.



#### WALLACE FINLAYSON

The Eskimo's representative from the 'Frozen Vegetable Department' to S.J.R. this year, Whalefat was notorious for his discovery along with Al, of the great thrive of poker enthusiasts in the school. The pair transformed this dormant source of wealth into prosperity. Wally went on at great lengths describing the departure and arrival ceremonies of the dogsleds to his igloo in Yellowknife. When our side-burn champ was half serious, he could be seen in basketball, where he was a great asset.

#### MORGAN THOMAS

Morg continues to amaze all and sundry with his remarkable ability for self-injury. Although he appears to be accident-prone, Morg valiantly repulsed attacking forwards for the Senior Soccer Team. Dai Postie also served in the important capacity of the official policeman for the Basketball Team, and as guinea pig for the strange experiments carried out in the Prefect's Common Room on moonless nights. This explains something about him; you decide what.









#### **GREG THOMAS**

Greg found this year that things were getting too monotonous around the place, so he decided to take a little holiday. He returned to the foothills from whence he came. In the cream of his career he could be seen as a black streak racing down the soccer field. Although he was invisible against a black background, Benny was a real standout on the ice. Despite the fact that Ben was not a chemist, he spent much of his time developing a black cotton for whites to pick.

#### MICHAEL BOOKBINDER

Booky's favourite hang-up was himself. His ape attitude makes him a 'Topper' as far as dog chasing and football are concerned. In entertaining the smoking room boys it was inevitable and deliberate that he reached — 999 points in attempted cut-downs. His lack of success in this field can probably best be attributed to the saying, "You can fool some people sometime, but you can't fool everybody all the time". Mike's ability was found on the football field, both last year, and for as long as football lasted this year.

#### TIM ROWED

Razzle's hockey playing, countrary to popular belief, is not too offensive. The rink gave him wide scope for venting his frustrations. Razzale was espoused the cause of the disaffected in History class, much to the chagrin of the disaffected. One of those masochists who insisted on flagellating themselves by running cross-country, Razzle at least had the excuse of some success. Nevertheless, Jim remains melancholy since the untimely demise of his pet, Howard the Turtle.



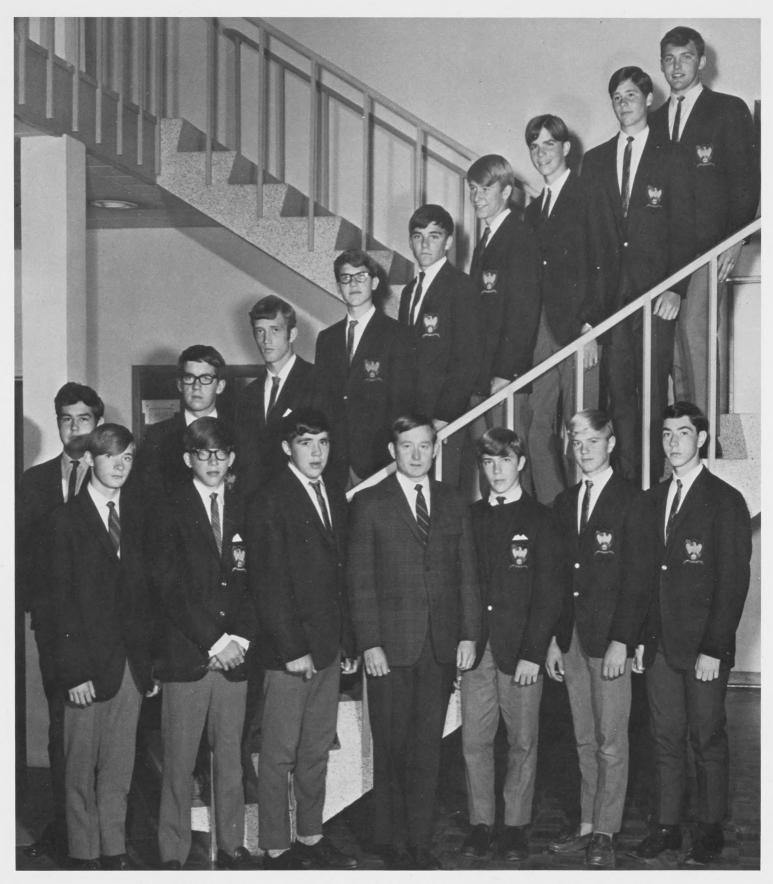
# NEXT YEAR'S SENIORS

# FORM V McLEOD



BACK ROW, Top to Bottom: L. Thompson, C. Smith, D. Percifield, D. Wood, Mr. McLeod, B. Spooner, H. Thomas, B. Thornton, C. Olafson. FRONT ROW: D. Spaith, R. Rolf, M. Tamblyn, D. Nicolson, A. Wai-Kit, K. Stewart.

# FORM V WELLARD



BACK ROW, Top to Bottom: R. Dufaut, R. Hutchings, J. Campbell, I. MacDonald, R. Mitchell, D. Allison, A. Dampier, J. Kilgour, R. Bruce. FRONT ROW: J. Black, R. Alms, R. MacMillan, Mr. Wellard, J. Bredin, T. Bigelow, N. Kobrinsky. ABSENT: P. Dower.



BACK ROW: L. Mitchell, D. Quinte, J. Styffe, C. Noble, L. Whittaker, J. Richardson, D. MacGregor. FRONT ROW: M. Reimer, M. Myers, J. Saunders, Mr. Gorrie, J. MacLean, R. Richardson, R. McIntyre.

# FORM FOUR



BACK ROW: K. Harris, A. Kiddell, B. Hails, Mr. Glegg, M. Henderson, J. Barnes, B. Gardiner, J. Beech.

FRONT ROW: F. Bowden, J. Gillespie, M. Hammond, D. Bell, M. Matthews, M. Lansky, R. Briggs. ABSENT: J. Leach.



BACK ROW: P. Dickson, D. Holmes, D. Johnson, W. Graham, Mr. Leonard, J. Boult, B. Dickson, P. Forsythe, S. Clews.

FRONT ROW: J. Burns, K. Daunt, J. Balfour, R. Anand, S. Krueger, L. Quinton, B. Gibbons, R. Balfour, D. Longstaffe.

# FORM THREE



BACK ROW: D. Searle, S. Peters, H. Richardson, G. Stevens, D. McMurray, J. Shore, D. Riley, I. McMorris.

FRONT ROW: G. Weare, C. Wallace, E. Powell, G. Myers, Mr. Chabot, L. Newbound, L. Mardon, R. Waddell, J. Rowand.



BACK ROW: I. Cruickshank, B. Crooks, J. Hutchison, G. Grossman, R. Bowden, J. Ferguson, S. Guest, R. Carter, B. Bottomley. FRONT ROW: T. Harrison, P. Haworth, C. Harvey, Mr. Penaluna, P. D'Agincourt, A. Bennett, S.

Goldring.

Kiddell, R. Kernahan.

# **FORM TWO**



BACK ROW: B. McGillivray, E. Nuttall, P. Nicol, G. Strachan, K. Turchen, M. Cook, C. McGill, D. Reimer. FRONT ROW: S. Lewis, H. MacIsaac, B. Reimer, J. Sprague, Mr. Laidlaw, M. Purdy, B. Sutherland, R.

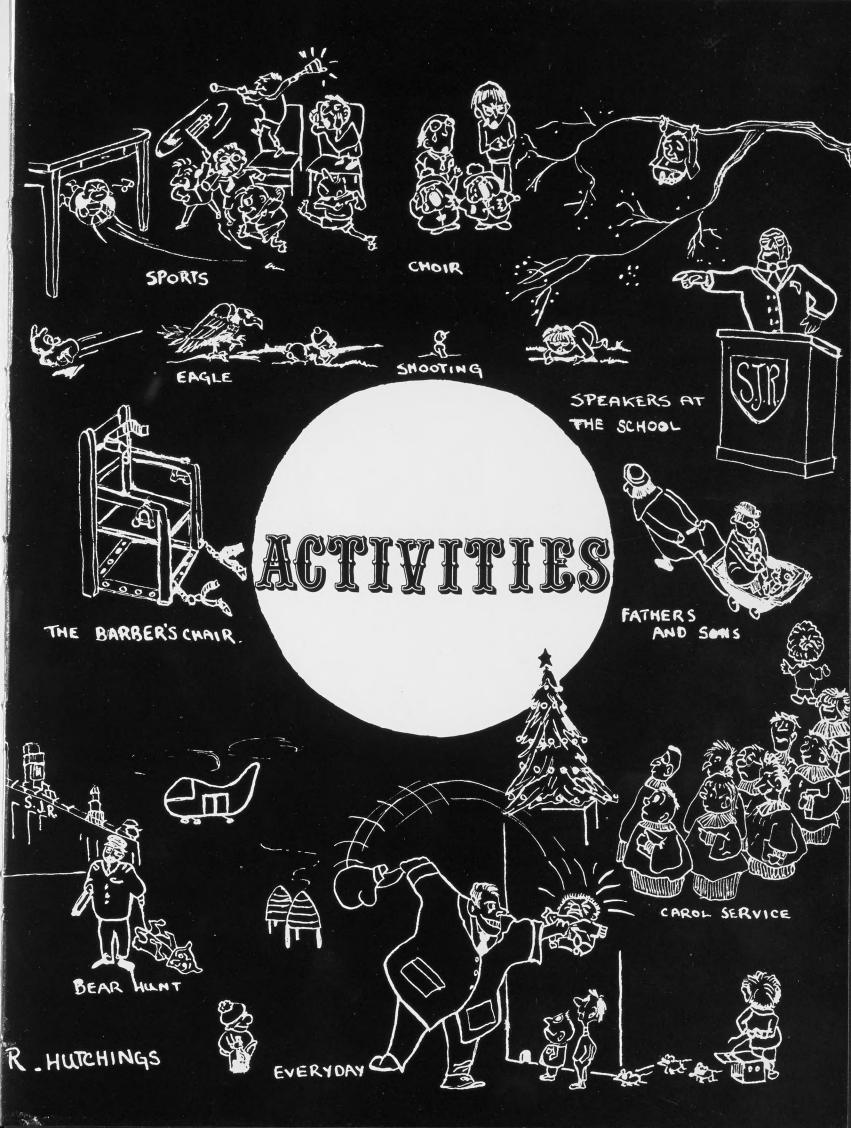


# RED RIVER SCHOLARSHIPS

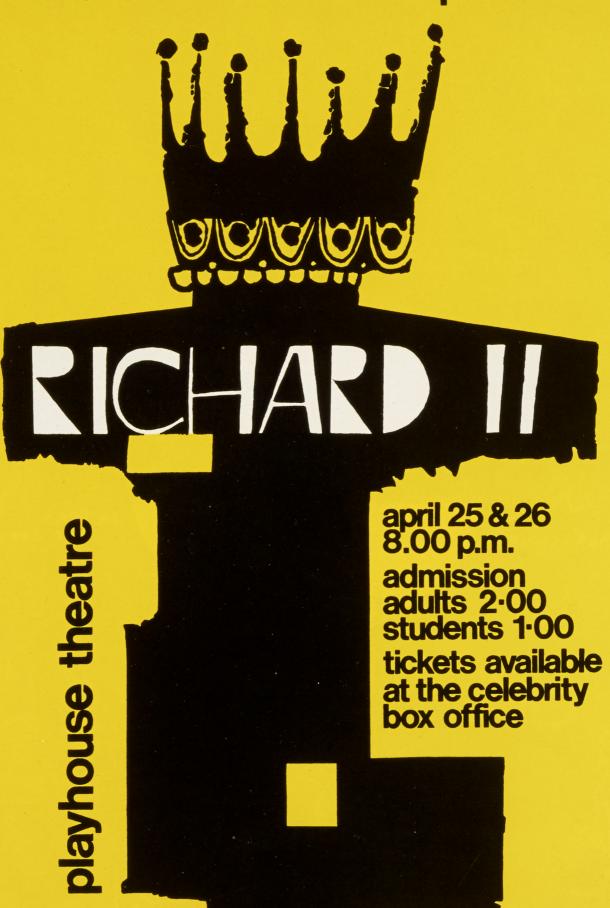
The first Red River Scholars were selected in June 1962, and no one was more excited than the Headmaster, who was seeing the realization of one of his dreams for the school. Six boys came in September to the school, as the first Red River Scholars. Everyone had

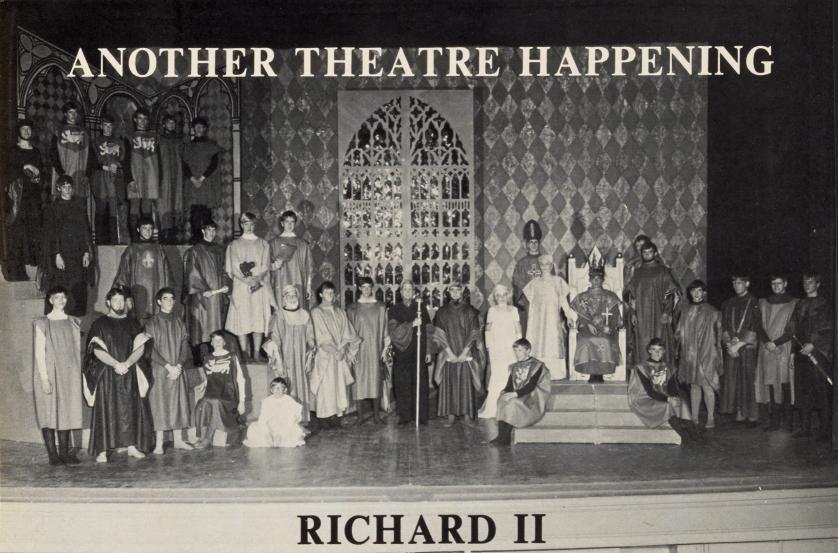
high hopes for them, and for the future of the program.

By 1968 75 "boy-years" of scholarships had been awarded and the scholarship endowment funds had grown to \$68,000. In the fall of 1968, under the leadership of Dr. T.K. Thorlakson, it was decided that a further \$100,00 would be raised to create the R.L. Gordon Scholarship Endowment Fund as a "going away" present for the Headmaster. Writing in the '64 yearbook Mr. Gordon said ". . . . .its continuance depends on increased financial support, on the record of the first few Red River Scholars, on our own capacity for encouraging talent". The continuance of the program is now assured; the record of the first Red River Scholars is good, the Board of Governors is keen to encourage talented boys, strong financial support is clearly evident. May all the Red River Scholars in time to come help keep Mr. Gordon's dream bright.



St. John's-Ravenscourt presents





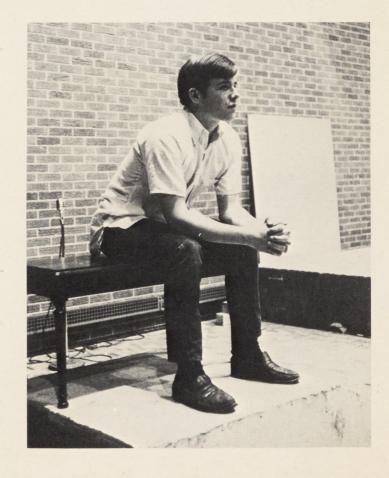
Because the production date of Richard II was after the last deadline for The Eagle '68, the final production was not written up in that yearbook. However, because of the degree of success and amount of laud that the play incurred, justice will be done to it in this year's edition of The Eagle.

Some of the major roles were cast before the Christmas holidays, but the final casting was completed by the middle of January. Rehearsals began immediately, and continued throughout the second term. Towards the end of March, bits and pieces of the sets began to appear. When the school recommenced after the Easter holidays, there were ten days until the performance. This period was filled with rehearsals, while the sets and costumes took on their final shape.

The nights of April 25 and 26, marked the climax to three and a half months of rehearsal and endless hours of work on the costumes and sets. The Playhouse was almost filled for both nights, and the two performances went very smoothly.

When it was all over, many comments of praise were received. Here is one of the letters received:

I wish to thank you for the tickets which we received for your performance of Richard II and after having seen it, to congratulate you on a resounding success. Your sets were ingenious, your make-up and costumes excellent, and to top off a magnificent performance you had a cast, not of actors, but of real Shakespearean characters."



# THE CAST

KING RICHARD: JOHN OF GAUNT:

BOLINGBROKE:

MOWBRAY:

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER:

LORD MARSHALL:

AUMERLE:

BUSHY:

BAGOT:

GREEN:

HERALDS:

DUKE OF YORK:

QUEEN:

ROSS: WILLOUGHBY:

ATTENDANTS:

Sandy Shandro Stewart Searle Mark Dallas

Charles Andison

Hugh Thomas Greg Hill

Ron Little John Macbeth

Andy Wiswell Bob Dunstan

Richard Hutchings

Brian Spooner

Jim Lawson Stephan Kreuger

John Macdonald

John Kilgour Richard Hutchings

Brian Spooner John McNichol

Lauren Jacklin

NORTHUMBERLAND:

SERVANT:

HENRY PERCY:

SURREY:

BERKELEY:

SALISBURY:

A WELSH CAPTAIN:

BISHOP OF CARLISLE:

SCROOP:

LADY:

GARDENER:

SERVANT:

FITZWATER: ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER:

ANOTHER LORD:

EXTON:

**SERVANTS:** 

GROOM:

KEEPER:

Helmut Verges David Searle Michael Gardner John Hutchings John Anderson David Allison Nathan Kobrinsky Edward Orton Gerald Schwartz Eric Young Kit Rowley Ivan McMorris Kit Rowley Ed Myers Laurence Thompson John Macbeth

Bob Dunstan Brian Spooner Fred Lewis

Fred Lewis
Charles Andison





# BEHIND THE SCENES

SETS:

Desmond Bevis

Assisted by:

Richard Hutchings, Brian Spooner, Lauran Jacklin, John McNichol

COSTUMES Designed

and Executed by:

Judy Stewart

Assistants:

Mrs. Bessie Jackson Mrs. Jean Kiddell

LIGHTING:

Bernie Beare

SOUND EFFECTS:

Harry Shepherd

Assisted by:

Tom Barroll

PROPERTIES:

David Penaluna

HOUSE MANAGER: Martin Ainley

Ticket Sales:

Gerald Schwartz Michael Bookbinder

CARPENTER:

Chris Boggs

PROMPTER:

John Anderson

MAKE-UP:

Sheila Maurer Allan Hammond Joanne Bevis

Ann Brough Molly Penaluna Beth Beare Gita Thorsen

Peggy Glegg

Valerie Cowie Harry Shepherd

Gordon D. McLeod

ASSISTING:

DIRECTOR:

R.L. Gordon

# PRIZE WINNERS 1968

His Excellency the Governor General's Medal for General Proficiency, 1967 DAVID GARGETT British Public School's Prize	
Jean Joy Memorial English Prize	
Frederick Johnson Memorial Prize EDWARD MYERS — Form VI Upper Norman Young English and History Prize	
McEachern Memorial Science Prize	
P.H.A. Wykes Mathematics PrizeJAMES LAWSON — Form VI Walter Burman Prize for LatinNATHAN KOBRINSKY — Form IV	
Perreault Lower School French Prize STUART GUEST, ALAN BENNETT,	
JAMES HUTCHISON — Form VII EW	
LOWER SCHOOL PRIZES:	
MathematicsSTUART GUEST	
English	7
Science	
Art	
Music	
Walter J. Burman and Associates Prize	
Master's Shield for Total House Points YOUNG HOUSE	
The "Eagle" Prize MARK DALLAS	
Photography Prize	
Chown Prize for Music	
Lower School Spelling Cup ALAN BENNET	
FORM PRIZES FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY:	
Form 1 DAVID ALVI	
Form 11 MICHAEL TRUELOVE	
Form IV DANIAL WOOLF	
Form V	
Form VI MARK BREDIN	
Form Remove	
Form VII EWSTUART GUEST	
Form 11 STEPHAN KRUEGAR	
HUGH BROCK	
Form IIIMICHAEL HAMMOND	
JOHN BEECH Form IV NATHAN KOBRINSKY	
LAURENCE THOMPSON	



# PRIZE WINNERS 1968



Mr. Gordon presents Mr. Burbidge with an Old Boy's tie

Ed Myers receives a prize

# **PRIZE**





# GIVING, JUNE 1968

#### PRIZE DAY

As the choir filed into the Dutton Memorial Arena, there was a silence which distinguished this June 1 from the Prize Days in the past history of the School. This was a year of change not easily forgotten by boys and masters alike who had shared in the making of its memories.

After the National Anthem, Mr. McMurray, the Chairman of the Board of Governors, told of the resignation of his office to Mr. Searle.

Now came the climax of the evening, Mr. Gordon's last Prize Day address to parents, boys and staff.

"I said when I first arrived at the age of 32, that I had no intention of becoming a Mr. Chips about the place. I felt then, as I still feel, that a school of this sort must grow with new people and new ideas. I have thought for the last year or so that I have in fact done what I came here to do and that it would be good for the school and probably good for me to have a change."

Following Mr. Gordon, the Guest Speaker, Mr. F.S. Burbidge of the Canadian Pacific Railway spoke. The prizes were then presented and the school hymn sung, bringing to an end another year in the history of the school.



Mr. McMurray



The guest speaker: Mr. F.S. Burbidge



# HOUSEMASTERS AND CAPTAINS



STANDING: G. Thomas (R), P. McCreath (R), D. Denmark (Y), J. Hutchings (H).

SEATED: Mr. Wellard (R), Mr. Ainley (Y), Mr. McLeod (H).

# **HOUSE COMPETITION 1967-1968**

Young House won the House Competition Shield this year, after two years in second spot. Hamber House improved its position, moving into second place, while Richardson House, after two years of Dominance, slipped into third.

Athletic competition, although limited by time, was keen, and showed the teams to be evenly matched. Only five points separated the three houses.

House activities were extended this year to include many fields of endeavour. This broadening of competition strengthened the system, and, it was felt, improved participation in school events.

HOUSE STANDINGS 1967 - 1968			
EVENTS	Н	R	Y
ACADEMICS	75	68	81
SCHOOL PLAY	20	20	13
YEARBOOK	16	13	10
PREFECTS	15	18	43
CHOIR	6	5	8
DEBATING	2	1	0
MODEL UNITED NATIONS	1	1	0
SCIENCE FAIR	2	0	3
FALL ATHLETICS	17	16	15
WINTER ATHLETICS	16	18	18
BASEBALL	6	5	7
CROSS-COUNTRY	7	4	7
TRACK AND FIELD	12.72	20.76	16.44
TRACK RECORDS	0	2	1
TROPHY WINNERS	2	3	6
TOTALS	197	194	228
FINAL STANDINGS	2nd	3rd	1st



# ATHLETIC AWARD WINNERS, 1968

St. Charles Trophy Osler Memorial Shield		
(Int. 6 Man Rugby)	Whenaer riammond	
Michael Reece Cup	Richardson House	
(Int. House Rugby)		
Mermagen Cup	Richardson House	Cory Cup
(Sen. House Rugby)		(Long Jump Champion)
Askey Cup		Taylor Cup
(House Soccer)	(Kit Rowley)	(High Jump Champion)
Master's Cup	Young House	Desmond Cox Cup
(House Basketball)	(John Macbeth)	(Mile)
(House Basketball) Dingwall Cup	Hamber House	Moulden Cup
(House Cross-Country)	(Mike Gardner)	(Junior T. and F. Cham)
Lowe Cup	Bob Dunstan	Thornton Trophy
(Individual Cross-Country)		(Int. B.T. and F. Champ
Chalice Cup	New House	Chisholm Cup
(L.S. House Hockey)	(Chip McGill)	(Int. A.T. and F. Champ
Sellers Cup		Templeton Cup
(Junior House Hockey)	(Hugh Malcolmson)	(Senior T. and F. Cham)
N.H.L. Trophy		Hobson Memorial Shield
(Senior House Hockey)	(Ed Myers)	(L.S. House Athletics)
Weber Trophy	Young House	Mills Cup
1	(Andy Wiswell)	(Proficiency in Academi
Headlan Cup		Moulden Memorial Trop
(L.S. Individual T. and F. Champion	n)	(Best Rugby Player)
		Basil Baker Memorial Sh
ATHLETIC AWARDS	JUNIOR	(Gen. Proficiency in Ho
	Greg Hill	Lestock Adams Shield.
	SENIOR	(General Proficiency all
	Mark Dallas	John F. Waudby Memor

John Macbeth

	Clive McEwen
	Kit Rowley
	Sandy Shandro
	Helmut Verges
	Andy Wiswell
Cory Cup	Clive McEwen
(Long Jump Champion)	
Taylor Cup	Bud McKnight
(High Jump Champion)	
Desmond Cox Cup	Bob Dunstan
(Mile)	
Moulden Cup	Eric Giesbrecht
(Junior T. and F. Champion)	
Thornton Trophy	Chris Noble
(Int. B.T. and F. Champion)	
Chisholm Cup	Sandy Shandro
(Int. A.T. and F. Champion)	•
Templeton Cup	Mike Gardner
(Senior T. and F. Champion)	
Hobson Memorial Shield	Hamber House
	Richard Kernahan)
Mills Cup	,
(Proficiency in Academics and Athletic	
Moulden Memorial Trophy	
(Best Rugby Player)	TTT OHYO MICE WOLL
Basil Baker Memorial Shield	Gavin Smith
(Gen. Proficiency in Hockey)	Gavin Gintin
Lestock Adams Shield	Brad Palmer
(General Proficiency all Athletics)	Diad raille
John F. Waudby Memorial Shield	John Hutchings
John F. Waudoy Memorial Silleld	John Hutchings

# FORT GARRY POLICE DEPA

"Careful now! You may damage the skin . . . "

# THEY CAME, THEY SAW, THEY CONQUERED.

One of the oddest chapters of St. John's Ravenscourt history was enacted this September when a marauding bear cub was shot and killed on the soccer field after a long chase. The ego-swelling kill made by the Fort Garry police, after a shooting contest conducted from a helicopter hovering above the river, ended the cub's career as a beehive upsetter. The cub had wandered up the river valley in search of food. Numerous efforts were made to capture the cub by more humane and idealistic souls, but in vain. Harder heads carried the day, and as the carcass was swung by helicopter off the field, the career of one of Winnipeg's news makers of the month was brought to a sticky end.











#### **FATHERS' AND**

Fathers' and Sons' Weekend, a traditional event held every October 26 and 27. This is one of the few events of the year in coffee or a soccer ball, and this year more fathers than ever meet other fathers.

Donald Denmark, one of the school Vice-Captains, welat 9:30, giving them a brief run-down of the day's planned

The sports events began at 9:30 with three Lower School Intermediate Upper School soccer teams played, with the activities were in full swing, and at 10:00 the Intermediate highlight of the morning. After a tight, nailbiting finish, we

At the same time as the Intermediate game, some very in their final and consolation final games. Wallace's team while Milne beat McMorris for the consolation prize.

Later in the morning the annual shooting competition took Schools. Once again, by a mistake in addition, the Fathers

After a lunch of hot dogs and ice cream many Fathers took from many extremely interesting displays in the Biology, displays to their baffled fathers.

At 2:30 the Senior Soccer team showed its power in a game had its second victory of the day, by a 4 - 0 count.

At 6:30 the sounds of the piper played by David Allison, a "typical" school meal, Mr. Gordon proposed toasts to the as Headmaster of the school. John Hutchings, the school Fathers, after which everyone adjourned to the gymnasium for year, as it was actually a play, "The Years of Change", written dedicated to Mr. R.L. Gordon who had been a student and was leaving us. It traced the story of the school from its beginnings and staff of the school, and the choir added several excellent acclaimed success of the play, the braver fathers went for an

On Sunday morning Dr. Ray of the Fort Garry United their fathers. After coffee had been served, another tradition place with all the boys and many fathers taking part. Manitoba and Son's Weekend, 1968, came to a very successful ending.





#### SONS' WEEKEND

year in the Fall term, took place this year on the weekend of which all the fathers have a chance to meet each other over availed themselves of this opportunity to see the school, and

comed the fathers to the school over coffee in the dining room activities.

soccer games. Immediately after these games the Junior and Intermediates struggling to a 1 - 0 victory. Now the sporting Football team met the St. Vital Hornets in what became the were victorious, managing to hold on to a 13 - 8 decision.

entertaining football was being played by the Six-men teams scrambled to victory over Rowand's to take the championship,

place between Fathers and Sons in both Upper and Lower managed to finish on top!

advantage of a lull in the activities to try to learn something Physics and Chemistry labs. The sons usually had to explain the

against Portage Collegiate. After a fast moving game the school

signified the start of the banquet. After the fathers had enjoyed Queen, and the President of the United States, for the last time captain, made a short speech, and proposed a toast to the a short entertainment. The entertainment was different this and produced by Mr. Gordon D. McLeod. This play was now, after being Headmaster of the school for seventeen years, in 1820 to the present. All the parts were played by the boys selections to the enjoyment of all. After the universally hour's skate in the Dutton Memorial Arena.

Church conducted a short chapel service for all the boys and was observed as the annual Inter-provincial tug-o'-war took won, although Alberta claims otherwise, and thus the Fathers'







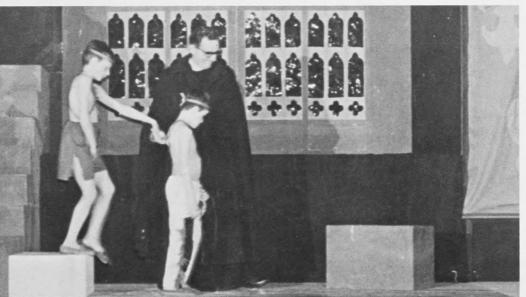


#### THE YEARS OF CHANGE...

A dramatic mosaic of this School from 1820 - 1968 written and produced by Gordon D. McLeod dedicated to Richard L. Gordon—Headmaster September 1952 to December 1968.

On this night, October twenty-sixth, of the Fathers' and Sons' Banquet we will try to remember that St. John's Ravenscourt School is at one time three schools—St. John's College School 1820-1950-R avenscourt School 1929-1950-St. John's Ravenscourt School 1950-A and that in the words of an old boy of the school, Charles Camsell: "My school is the boys and the men I lived with and came to know almost as I knew my family. The boys and the men are still here and they are still my family."

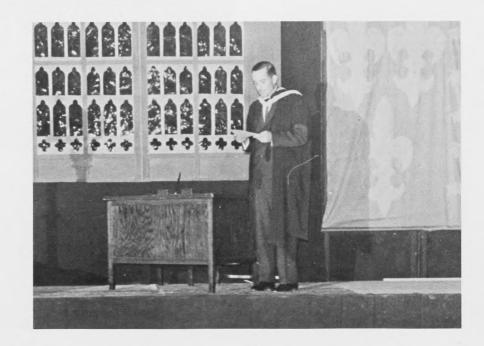




#### JOHN WEST:

With the aid of an Interpreter I spoke to an Indian, called, Withaweecapo, about taking two of his boys to the Red River Colony with me to educate and maintain. —He yielded to my request; and I shall never forget the affectionate manner in which he brought the eldest boy in his arms, and placed him in the canoe on the morning of my departure.

"Everything else in our life here on earth sinks into unimportance compared with this one thing: how we feel and act toward those around us. To have a close and affectionate relationship with those around you is to have conquered every problem of life, and to have won its greatest prize. This prize is yours, if you will take with you down the years the spirit which you have created in this your school, Ravenscourt."

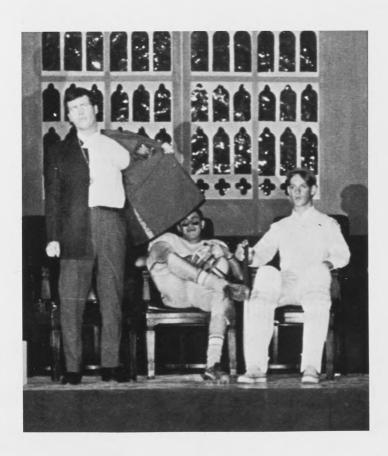




In 1950, through the initiative and joint efforts of members of the St. John's Old Boys' Association and the Board of Governors of Ravenscourt School, an amalgamation was effected between the two schools and St. John's Ravenscourt School was incorporated as a non-denominational, independent school for boys.

THE MERGER— as can be imagined—was brought about smoothly and efficiently.

The building of the body is accomplished in many ways but, of course, primarily by organized sports . . . .







So much for the body . . . . and now for the mind . . . . and that of course is in the hands of the hand-picked masters.



Archbishop Machray



Scene from RICHARD II: Act 1, Scene 11

John of Gaunt and attendants





A Christmas Carol Service Lesson.



#### SENIOR PREFECTS



STANDING, Left to Right: M. Payne, T. Barroll, T. Knight, P. McCreath, G. Thomas, S. Searle. SEATED: G. Schwartz, J. Hutchings, Mr. Schaffter, D. Denmark, L. Jacklin.

#### **JUNIOR PREFECTS**



LEFT TO RIGHT: I. MacDonald, R. Mitchell, D. Nicolson, D. Spaith, Mr. Bredin, R. Hutchings, B. Thornton, B. Spooner.



#### HARRY'S HARMONIOUS HAPPENING

For the first time in five years, the Choir has attracted a sufficient number of singing enthusiasts to give its performances the strength that previously was lacking. The added support this year can best be attributed to the efforts of a couple of the senior prefects who encouraged a great number of boys to come out to one Choir practice, many of whom enjoyed the experience, and returned in following weeks.

The success of the Choir's singing at the End of Term Service last year, prompted a repeat performance at Prize Giving. This year, the Choir was honoured to take part in the "Years of Change" and despite the hasty preparation, did a fine job. As soon as this was over, the Choir set about preparing for the Carol Service. The increased Upper School membership proved most valuable by creating the best balance of voices that the Choir has had. The Choir's performance at "Our Sound" included the Vaughan William's Arrangement of "Old Hundredth" which was presented at the Queen's Coronation, and a twentieth century version of "Fight the Good Fight".

As far as future plans go, it is hoped to arrange with the

Rector of St. Paul's Church for the Choir to sing at a morning service sometime during the Spring term, in what hopefully will become an annual event.

Over the years, Mr. Shepherd has brought the Choir through some very thin times. It was not long ago that Choir practices were on Sunday evenings and the Bass section consisted of only three boys. Nevertheless Mr. Shepherd did not give up, and the seed which he planted five years ago and has cultivated ever since, has now begun to blossom. For this I think that Mr. Shepherd deserves our warmest appreciation and congratulations. I would also like to extend thanks to Mrs. Ainley who accompanies the Choir and to the several masters who are loyal supporters.

Although the numbers have increased, and the boys have got a great deal of fun out of the participation, much hard work is required before we can stand up and take a bow beside the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

Many of the senior choir members will be leaving this year and it is hoped that next year's Seniors will rise to the occasion and give the Choir their greatest support.

#### SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1968

In all aspects, December 15 was one of the most enjoyable days of the year in which the entire school participated, including the kitchen staff. The annual Christmas dinner itself was a characteristic occasion, as it was Mr. Gordon's last. The dinner took place shortly after noon, and began with the attentive conversation of recent or time-honoured acquaintances. The sumptuous feast was catered with great forethought and instituted turkey as its main course. The Christmas pudding also rejuvenated the past and symbolized the contributions and sacrifices which Mr. Gordon has made to the school to ameliorate its body, mind and spirit. To conclude this enjoyable event, Mr. Gordon read out the locations from which the school had drawn its numerous occupants, and heartily thanked Mr. Thomas Gordon and the kitchen staff for their imposing efforts. The Carol Service was yet to come, but all who participated in the dinner were internally assuaged and satisfied.







As this was Mr. Gordon's last Carol Services, a tradition which he himself had founded, there was a great deal of pressure to have a fine service. This pressure created that very effect; it was one of the best and most successful carol services ever. The audience was large and enthusiastic, and the turnout of boys was also good. The carols were sung well, particularly by a very good school choir, and one in French by the Lower School. The lessons were the traditional read at Christmas, and they were read by the Honorable J. A. Richardson, Mr. McMurray, Mr. Kiddell, Mr. Bredin, John Hutchings, Peter McCreath, Michael Hammond, Allan Beech and of course Mr. Gordon. After Mr. Gordon's traditional Christmas greeting to everyone, and particularly to boys calling home such diverse places as Obodo, Hinton, and Hong Kong, refreshments were served, thanks to the kitchen staff, in the gym. As in other years it is only fair to assume everyone enjoyed themselves immensely.

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## THE TRIP TO THE DESERT



On September 29, the full-time boarders set out on a full-day expedition to the Spruce Forests Reserve. The major source of transportation was a large school bus rented from Mr. Lansky of Carmen, Manitoba, and the experienced and courteous driver was Mr. Ainley of S. J. R. The weather turned out to be suitable for the proposed environment: a warm sun with "fierce" desert winds.

As soon as the civilized column of boys clambered out of the school bus at its destination, it became a rabble of impatience, and the boys lined up behind the bus for their daily rations. The safari trek began at 1:00 p. m., and each boy took his own course, although some remained together for confidence. The desert itself had numerous sand dunes, some of which were quickly adapted for tobogganing. A rolling evergreen forest surrounded the desert and offered escape from the wind. Some of the expeditions found remainders of artillery, which may have been used by one of the party, but the chance was remote. The main dune of attraction was situated in an exciting environment where the masters lazed in the warm sun and contented boys played intellectually with the explosive sand. Doggedly, the expedition returned from its different corners to conjoin at the school bus by 4:00. One group had wandered slightly distant, and returned just in time for supper.

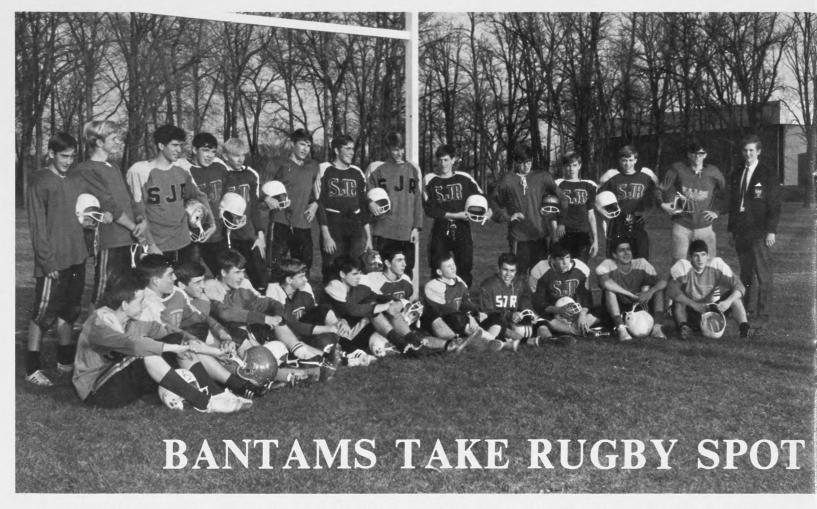
The wives of various masters prepared sizzling barbecue chickens on a few charcoal "pits", the preciseness of which was a matter consequently not to be discussed. By 4:45, everyone, except for the masters was thirsty, as our extravagance had fatally weakened the supply of orange juice. At 5:30, the expedition left with satisfied minds, but ebbing strength. The boarders had had a delicious taste of freedom but the masters were careful not to let them acquire too much, and so . . . Mr. Ainley "casually" turned

the wheels toward home.









STANDING: Bowen, Bigelow, McMurray, MacMillan, Nicolson, Percifield, J. Richardson, MacDonald, Harris, Alms, Bredin, Jacklin, Mitchell, Styffe.

SEATED: Kiddell, Henderson, Hammond, Rolf, Beech, Barnes, Kobrinsky, MacLean, Mathews, Whittaker, Thompson, Thornton. IN ACTION: Woodhead, Spaith, Mr. Leonard.

#### COACH'S REPORT

This year's bantam football team was interesting if only from the point of variety. We had rookies and third year boys, large boys and small boys, speed and slowness, new boys and boys returning to S.J.R. and boys of all academic abilities. All these boys played in all games.

I must report, however, that all boys progressed at a very satisfactory level. We lost a very close game to the fourth strongest bantam team in the city and beat the sixth strongest. We also beat our arch-rivals, the boys of Assiniboia Residential School, in both games we played against them.

The team played entertaining, winning football and gained some loyal supporters. However, at times during the year, I felt that we could have received greater spectator support. For example, Fort Garry had as much, if not more, support than we had.

In conclusion, I must personally thank Mr. McMillan for his help, and especially thank Mr. Bredin, who was invaluable after he joined the team. It is almost impossible to coach a football team alone. These two men made this football year the most enjoyable one I have personally experienced. Finally, I must again extend thanks and congratulations to the boys; it was their team, and they made it what it was.







This year Six-Man Football had good support from the boys and there was usually a good turnout for the games. There were four teams consisting of eight or nine players. The captains were chosen and picked their teams for the year. The season went well and the only injury was that of the morale of McMorris's team who seemed to lack that potent scoring punch.

The field of players was lead by Trevor Harrison, Gordon Strachan, Rodney Briggs and Jack Rowand although there

were many other good players.

On Fathers' and Sons' Day we had the Final and Runner-Up games. The Final was won by Wallace's team by a score of 12-6 while Milne's Six won the Runner-Up game.

On behalf of all the boys I would like to thank Mr. Ramsey, Mr. Chabot, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Laidlaw for their interest (!) and staunch discipline (!) on the field and Mr. McLeod for organizing Six-Man Football this year.







This year Senior Football was the victim of an enthusiastic recruiting campaign on the part of the Senior Soccer team. The result was that some of our brightest prospects ended up playing on the Soccer field. Added to this, several boys that should have played Senior football decided to play with the Bantams, because the Bantams were more likely to play games against outside teams. Nevertheless fourteen enthusiastic footballers started training with the hope that they might eventually form two six man teams and get a chance to bash each other around. Under Mr. Bredin's guidance we undertook about two weeks of "gentle" calisthenics before any hitting at all was done, but even then the hitting was just one-on-one, to the disgust of all concerned. After more defections to soccer, we finally started play-running with twelve people. Two six-man teams were drawn up and began to run through plays as units. As last we started scrimmaging, and this was greatly enjoyed by all until we ran into some injuries and general absenteeism. In each team's enthusiasm to pound the other into the ground, a couple of boys incurred knee injuries, and minor injuries kept other boys away from some practices. At last it became evident that Senior Football was finished for the year, and after meeting with Mr. Bredin, we disbanded. Some boys went to Senior Soccer, others went to Bantam Football, and still others went to a ski option, thus everybody remained active.

In conclusion I would like to thank Mr. Bredin on behalf of all the boys involved, for the time he donated towards Senior Football this year. We all enjoyed ourselves very much, and hope that next year there will be enough response to form a full twelve-man team.



Mr. Penaluna, Mr. Harding.
BACK ROW: Bell, Wai-kit, Rowand, Stewart, M. Thomas, McCreath, Payne, Sherman, Dower.
FRONT ROW: MacGregor, Dampier, Wood, Spooner, Lawrence, Hutchings, G. Thomas, Noble, Campbell.





The scores of Senior Soccer games tell a story of success, unprecedented in recent years, and swift disillusionment. The two games which really counted were lost, due to unfortunate and frustrating circumstances. These two games counted for pride's sake, but for anyone who has played on a team which has gone for a season without a win, there can be much said for a season of four wins, three ties, three losses. We won more games than teams before us, beat teams we have never beaten before particularly Dakota, defeated teams from schools five or more times as large as us, and that only in the three oldest grades, scored more goals for and less against than in previous years, and so on. In view of these facts it is a pity final success, whatever that is, eluded us. Let us hope, however, this was the first stage, in a new school tradition, that of a powerful, successful, well supported soccer team. To this end I hope next year's team will have better luck, and can win those important games despite any obstacles. In closing I should like to thank the coaches Mr. Penaluna and Mr. Ainley on behalf of the team for helping us make the most out of the season.



The Intermediate team did not play in a league as the Juniors did. Besides daily scrimmages with the Juniors, this club played just two formal exhibition games with Pembina Crest on our home field, losing both by scores of five to zero and four to zero. Because the Juniors and Intermediates each won about half of the games with each other, a great rivalry mounted and was climaxed on Fathers' and Sons' Weekend by a game in which the Intermediates scored with less than half a minute remaining to win a 1 to 0 game. Overall, Mr. Wellard and Mr. McCracken should be congratulated for their fine coaching efforts which should carry over into next season and culminate in greater success for both squads.



STANDING: Weare, Mr. McCracken, Lansky, Myers M., Richarson R., Mr. Wellard.

BACK ROW: Holmes, Clews, Dickson, Turchen, Peters.

FRONT ROW: Reimer, Krueger, Mardon, Graham, Johnson, Hails.



STANDING: Harvey, Reimer, Cruickshank, Bottomley, Bennett, Anand, Waddell, Kernahan, Mr. Wellard, Mr. McCracken. SEATED: Grossmann, Carter, Burns, d'Agincourt, Bowden, McGill, Hutchison, Haworth.

The 1968 edition of the S. J. R. Junior Soccer Team had little immediate success but great amounts of potential to show for itself. The team, composed of a majority of Grade Eight students and three Grade Nine players, struggled through the season and finished with a record of five losses and no wins. Indeed, a few of the scores were close.

The forward line was composed of several diminutive speedsters who were found to be able to carry the ball well into the opposition's zone but seemed to lack the ability to finish off their plays with the authoritative pass or shot which so often meant the difference between a win and a loss. Goaltending on this team was adequate. Halfbacks and

fullbacks played well sporadically, wandering aimlessly at one instant, and tackling with renewed vigour the next. Chip McGill was one of the few bright spots on this team, taking charge on the field, breaking up an opposing drive, and spearheading our attack.

Hope for the future lies in the fact that with greater experience the forwards should be able to finish their plays with several goals instead of dribbling shots off the target. McGill, who doubled this past season as captain of the Juniors and part-time player for the Intermediates, should lead the way to greater success next year.

#### CROSS-COUNTRY-MIND VS. MUSCLE

As usual, both Cross-Country teams did exceedingly well considering the amount of runners and the amount of practice involved and they deserve a great deal of credit for really trying hard.

The Senior team placed sixth or seventh out of eight entered teams in five cross country meets. Although Jim Rowed, Brian Spooner, Morgan Thomas, Keith Harris, James Maclean and Richard Alms were the main runners, others joined in on a few occasions. I'm sure all these senior athletes would like to extend their thanks to Mr. Ainley and Mr. Glegg for their assistance with the team.

The Junior Cross-Country team consisted of volunteers from the Intermediate and Junior Soccer teams. Boys in grade 7, 8, and 9 qualified for this classification. Many fine runners were produced from the team and placed very high. Credit is due to Mr. Wellard and Mr. McCraken for the co-operation they gave to this team.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Rowed, M. Thomas, Spooner, Harris, MacLean, Alms.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Haworth, Kernahan, Cruickshank, Bottomley, d'Agincourt, Anand, Reimer, Krueger, Longstaffe, Peters, Mr. Wellard, Mr. McCracken.

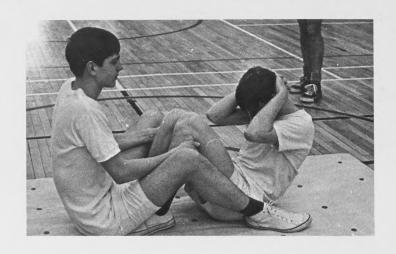
House cross-country, held late in the Fall, once again proved to be an exciting competition and, although it was cold, the boys slipped and slid around the course in high spirits. Unfortunately, skis and snowshoes were not provided. In the Senior division Young house, as usual, cleaned up under the leadership of Jim Rowed who dazzled us all by placing first. The times were generally slow even though the traction was good, and surely parkas, pants and boots cannot slow you down that much. Nevertheless, the run was fun, and the boys can hardly wait until next year's House cross-country?



#### S.J.R. FITNESS TEST RECORDS

S. J. R. upper school boys commenced a battery of six physical fitness tests in 1967. Records by age groups (12 to 18 years) have been kept and we intend to give recognition to these boys by publishing these records in the yearbook.

Pictured are the Sit-Up, Shuttle Run and Flexed Arm Hang tests. The sit-ups are being performed by Ian MacDonald with Laurence Thompson holding. The shuttle run is being performed by Chris Wallace and the flexed arm hang is demonstrated by Stephen Krueger.



	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)	(6)
Age Group	60 Second Sit-up	Standing Broad Jump	Shuttle Run	Flexed Arm Hang	50 Yard Dash	300 Yard Run
			(Seconds)	(Seconds)	(Seconds)	(Seconds)
12	55 A. Bennett 1969	7' - 2'' A. Bennett 1969	10.2 A. Bennett 1969	97 G. Myers 1967	7.3 H. Richardson 1967	58 J. Hutchisor 1968
13	62 B. Bottomley 1969	7' - 4'' J. Shore 1967	9.8 A. Bennett 1968	84 B. Sutherland 1969	6.6 J. Saunders 1967	52 J. Shore 1968
14	72 M. Matthews 1969	9' - 0'' D. Wood 1968	9.2 M. Matthews 1969	111 S. Krueger 1969	6.2 D. Wood 1968	51 M. Milne 1968
15	64 C. Vegesack 1968	8' - 9'' D. Wood 1969	8.8 S. Shandro 1967	100 G. Thomas R. MacDonald 1967	5.9 D. Wood 1968	48 D. Wood 1968
16	67 L. Thompson 1969	8' - 8'' S. Shandro 1968	8.8 S. Shandro 1968	108 D. Quinte 1969	5.8 C. McEwen R. Paul 1967	46 M. Gardner 1968
17	73 I. MacDonald 1969	8' - 9'' D. Gargett 1967	8.8 M. Stethem 1967	111 M. Thomas 1969	5.8 C. McEwen 1968	47 M. Dallas C. McEwen 1967
18	58 J. Hutchings 1969	8'-4'' J. MacBeth 1968	9.1 D. Denmark 1969	93 B. Williams 1967	6.0 L. Simmons 1968	47 P. Sheen J. MacBeth 1967





#### SENIORS BOUNCE TO SEMI-FINALS



FRONT ROW: Chris Smith, James Campbell, David Allison, Ian MacDonald and Wally Finlayson.

BACK ROW: Philip Wyatt, Kim Sherman, Laurence Thompson, David Wood, Don Denmark, Captain; Rene Dufaut, Brian Spooner, Asst. Captain; Tom Barroll, Mr. Harding, Coach.

Under the capable coaching of Mr. Harding, this year's senior basketball team broke all existing records in winning more than its quota of games (one win per season) and finishing the 1968-69 season in third place.

We opened our season with a 52-21 win over St. Boniface High School. Four days later we were set back 99-21 by Kelvin High School. Two additional encounters with St. Boniface High School gave S. J. R. two more victories. In other league games we defeated Manitoba School for the Deaf 54-22, and St. Boniface College 51-41. St. Paul's rather outclassed us with their powerful team play and we went down to defeat 59-9 (exhibition game) and then later in league play we lost 52-25. Against Mennonite Brethren Collegiate Institute (M.B.C.I.) we played a slower type of game and controlled the backboards, but their pressing defence and accurate outside shooting resulted in a 97-32 win for M.B.C.I. We were eliminated in the semi-finals by St. Paul's in two games, 71-39 and 69-33.

The S.J.R. "Old Boys" feeling very confident issued us a challenge to a three game series. The "Old Boys" were disappointed however, as we won the first game 62-54, lost the second game 60-59, and came back to win the "Rubber" game 54-40.

This year's "success" can be attributed to a greater team effort.

The scoring honours were shared by all as each member racked up a fair number of points. Congratulations team on a great season, and the best of luck for 1969-70.

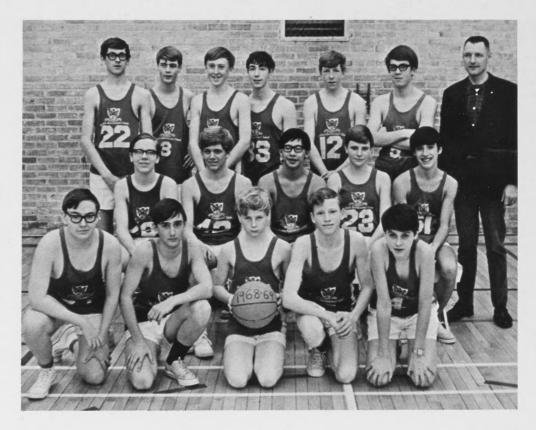


#### **JUNIORS**

FRONT ROW: Jim Gillespie, Frank Bowen, Cam Harvey James MacLean, Asst. Captain; and Sheldon Minuk.

SECOND ROW: Laird Mitchell, Murray Reimer, Calvin Chan, George Myers and Royden Richardson.

BACK ROW: Ken Turchen, Sid Peters, Bob McIntyre, Nathan Kobrinsky, David Johnson, Jim Kilgour, Captain; Mr. Harding, Coach



This year, with the majority of last year's players going up to the senior squad, the junior team seemed doomed from the start. But, under Mr. Harding's supervision, practises were organized and the season was underway. In our first game, against St. Boniface High School, we played poorly in the first three quarters at the end of which the score was tied 20 all. In the last quarter however, we were able to pick up and take the game—final score 31-26. After

the first game, Mr. Harding decided that rather than play all-out for wins, he would give the weaker players more time on the floor. The decision showed—the following games scores were 28-25 for St. Boniface High School; 30-26 for Fort Richmond, and in our final game 32-6 for Fort Richmond.

A poor season? Not really, not when one considers that during the season a team was moulded. Next year will tell.

### JOHN FLETCHER WAUDBY AWARD FOR SPORTSMANSHIP



Mrs. John F. Waudby graciously has given to the school a handsome shield to be presented annually for sportsmanship. The rules for the award are that on the vote of the teaching staff one boy is to be selected who exemplifies the characteristics implied in the term, "sportsmanship." The winner will hold the shield for one year. The only stipulation placed on the awarding of this honour is that it alternate between Upper and Lower Schools each year. Last June on the vote of the Upper School Staff the award was given to John Hutchings, this year's school captain. Mr. Stewart Searle presented the award at the Athletic Dinner, a most suitable occasion for this ceremony because, of course, John Waudby was the moving spirit behind the Athletic Dinner and behind much of the sportsmanship shown on the playing fields of St. John's-Ravenscourt School. The inscription on the award reads:

in memory of

JOHN FLETCHER WAUDBY

Master of the school from 1928 to 1967



LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Leonard, Mr. Schaffter, D. Nicolson, D. Spaith, L. Jacklin, S. Searle, B. MacMillan, G. Thomas, J. Rowed, P. Dower, Manager; M. Bookbinder, J. Rowand, G. Lawrence, T. Knight, J. Hutchings, P. McCreath, D. Lauder. IN ACTION: A. Dampier, Capt.; and Mr. MacMillan, Coach.

The season 1968-69 was one of success and disappointment for the Senior A Hockey Club: success in the sense that they lost only one of the fifteen games and disappointment because there were no playoffs within our league for an unexplainable reason. As a result, the club was declared champions off of the ice. It is hoped that the necessary rules be placed on paper so as to avoid this unfortunate incident happening again next season.

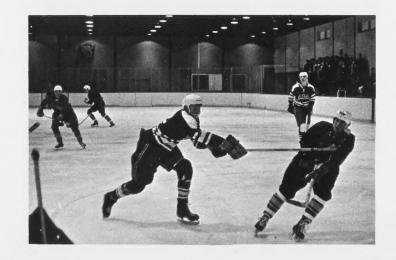
The team travelled to the U.S. twice during the season to play against American High School teams. In a knockout tournament held at St. Paul, Minn. in February, the club lost to Blake in a sudden death overtime period. However, despite the loss, Alex Dampier, Bob MacMillan, Greg Lawrence and Jim Rowand walked away with individual trophies.

Exhibition games were played against members of Canada's National Hockey Team, N.H.L. Old Timers and various juvenile clubs from Winnipeg.

It is possible that the Sr. A. Team will be losing 11 members from its ranks due to graduation, etc. These boys will be greatly missed next season.

The most important aspect of this season is the fact that the boys and coach did have fun on this spirited club. It is hoped that everyone has grasped an understanding of the fundamentals of the game. Coach MacMillan is very proud of this team.





#### THE BLAKE TOURNAMENT

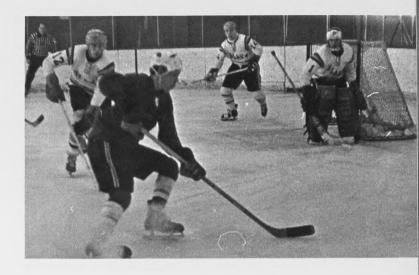
Renewing a two year old rivalry, the S.J.R. Senior "A's" travelled to St. Paul, Minnesota this year to take part in an invitational tournament sponsored by St. Paul Academy. The trip began early on the morning of Friday, February 21, when boys, bags and equipment were piled on to a bus. We did not arrive in St. Paul until 5 p.m., leaving us three hours to eat and get ready for our first game.

Our first game was a surprisingly easy 12-1 victory over Minnehaha. After the game S.J.R. players went to the homes of St. Paul players to get a good night's sleep before our game against Blake on Saturday morning at 10 a.m.

Blake had defeated an S.J.R. team 6-0 two years ago, so the team was determined to revenge that loss. Once the game began however, we realized it would not be easy. A tight 2-0 game in our favour was broken up in the third period by four consecutive Blake goals, but we fought back to tie the score by the end of regulation time. In an eight minute sudden-death overtime period Blake came on strong, scoring after five minutes to shatter S.J.R.'s championship dreams. It was a hard game to lose.

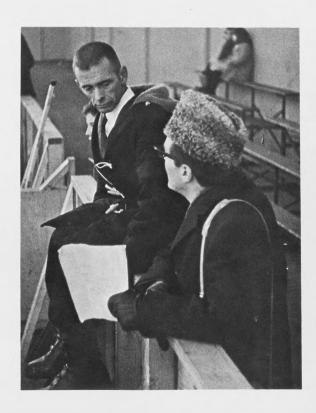
Saturday afternoon was free for S.J.R., and several boys took the opportunity to see the cities. That night we played our third game in twenty-four hours, skating to an easy 10-1 victory over Breck. Afterwards we watched Blake beat St. Paul 5-3 for the championship. After this game an All-Star team for the tournament was announced. S.J.R. placed four members on the team: goaltender Jim Rowand, centre Bob Macmillan, and wings Alex Dampier and Greg Lawrence.

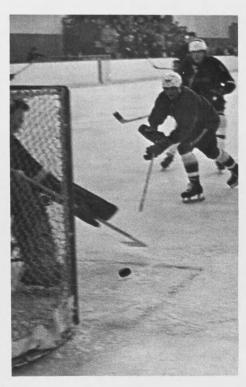
On Sunday, we watched an N.H.L. game between Toronto and Minnesota in the Minneapolis/St. Paul hockey



arena, then left on the return trip. Although we were feeling despondent as a result of our loss to Blake, the team was in relatively high spirits on the return journey. We arrived back in Winnipeg at 2:30 a.m. (most team members made it to class on Monday).

Although we lost, everyone enjoyed themselves both on and off the ice, and benefited from the "international" experience. The team would like to thank Mr. Bredin for his efforts as coach, and also all the parents and masters who managed to make it to St. Paul to cheer us on.





#### SENIOR B



BACK ROW: Mr. Bredin, Kiddell, McMurray, Bredin, McGregor, Bell, Woodhead, Hutchings, Thornton, Noble, Gardiner, Styffe, Mr. Thomas.

FRONT ROW: Bigelow, Barnes, Boult, Hammond, Stewart.

The Senior "B" team this year is composed of boys who have played together for two years, plus boys that have joined the school since then. The league this year is made up of five teams and in the eight game season the team won five, tied two, and lost one. Unfortunately we lost out to Assiniboia in a best of three Final. The team lost several

players due to injuries this year, but our numbers were swelled by the addition of players from the Bantan "A" team. Thanks are extended to Mr. Bredin who spent a great deal of time with the team trying to improve the basic skills and techniques.

#### **BANTAM B**

The Bantams did not play in the G.W.M.H.A. league, but still played over ten exhibition games.

The team played well, but was hampered by injuries to some key players.

The team members are too numerous to mention individually, but potentially this is a very good group, whose passing and positional play underwent a marked improvement during the season. Our thanks go to Mr. Bredin who ran the practices for the season, and who is thus responsible for the real coaching of the team.



BACK ROW: Mr. Glegg, Coach; Saunders, Kruegar, Kernahan, Dickson, Harris, Longstaffe, Clews, Riley, Balfour, Mathews, Whittaker, Gibbons, Myers, Forsythe, Rowand.

FRONT ROW: Harrison, Lansky, Briggs, Daunt, Balfour, McGillivray, Beech, Capt.; McMorris.

#### PLAYGROUND A



BACK ROW: Hutchison, Nicol, Goldring, Gordon, Reimer, Cruikshank, d'Agincourt, Bottomley, Anand, Burns.

FRONT ROW: Wallace, Captain; Mr. Laidlaw, Coach.

MISSING: Quinton, Sutherland, Ross.

In the Greater Winnipeg Minor Hockey League, we placed fifth in a league of six teams. Our play in exhibition games was considerably more promising as we won three out of six games. The losses in league competition were hard fought and the final record was not indicative of the effort contributed by our boys. The team nucleus, centred on fine goaltending, promises to supply an improved squad in future years.

#### PLAYGROUND B

Under the guidance of Mr. Cowie and Mr. Jackson, the "B's" got off to a roaring start this season. Four wins out of the first five games put them near the top of the league but in the remaining five games this engine began to sputter: five games—five losses.

The sour ending can be attributed to their inept second defense—inept because there was none. Allan Beech and Doug Clark averaged 60 minutes per game as our only defense. Had it not been for their Herculean feats back there, poor Kurt Barkman, the goalie would have looked like a chunk of cheddar cheese after the games.

However, the team played many strong games, but there were many strong teams in the league. A very eager bunch they are and are anxiously awaiting the first face-off next year. It will be a good one!



BACK ROW: Mr. Cowie, Bennett, Miller, Clews, Matthews, Kiddell, Gillis, Hjartarson, Mr. Jackson. FRONT ROW: Beech, Capt.; Jacob, Rosenblat, Barkman, Christie, Clark, Haworth.

#### PLAYGROUND C



BACK ROW: Barrit, Prall, Christie, Fast, Reimer, Edwards, Dyke, Mr. Kiddell, Coach. CENTRE ROW: Guest, Bredin, Ramsay D., Capt.; Ramsay B., Corner, Wood, Layng.

FRONT ROW: Freedy, Rosenblat.

The Playground "C" Team, put up a creditable performance, coming second in their league and forcing the league leaders, Tuxedo, to a one all tie in the last league game. David Ramsey played a sound game in goal with some very good defensive play to support him by Brian Ramsay, Captain; Mark Bredin, and Graeme Barrit. Andrew Corner was outstanding at center, ably backed by Peter Wood and Arthur Fast on the wing. Cary Rosenblat showed a good turn of speed, but must keep his head up next year, he with Blaine Freedy, Eric Prall, Jim Reimer, Rhos Dyke, Donald Guest and Stephen Brandy provided the necessary depth for the team to be vigorously successful. With a shorter Christmas holiday and less Christmas pudding the team might have had an even better chance of becoming City champions. They are a power to reckon with! pint-sized though some of them may be!

#### **RAVENS**



BACK ROW: Mr. Beare, Woodhead, Breer, Nanton, Morriss, Gillespie, Speers, Mikolajewski, Macdonald, Wallace, Mr. Bevis.

MIDDLE ROW: Scarth, Gellman, Harding, Roulston, Beaumont, Fraser, Erans, Andruchuck.

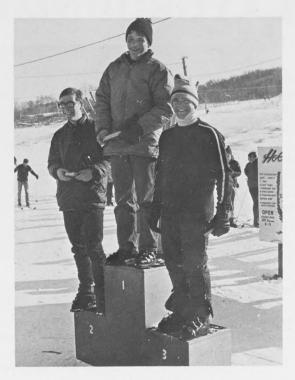
FRONT ROW: Bevis, Shaddy, McKeag, Hay, Krueger, Phillips, Ainley.

This year the Ravens Hockey team was re-introduced into outside-school competition. Although the team ended top of the league with an 8 win 2 loss record, they did not win the playoff at the end of the season. However, they are to be warmly congratulated on such a fine first-year performance, especially in spirit and sportsmanship.

Our thanks to Richard Woodhead who was our faithful referee in those frightfully early Saturday morning hours. And our special thanks to all those parents who gave up their Saturday morning lie-ins to have their boys at school at 7:30 a.m.!



Don Quinte



Randy Bowman, Rob Rolfe, Doug Spaith.



Gerald Schwartz



Rodney Briggs

#### **SKIING**

A small but dedicated group skied for the school this year. Before Christmas, they worked out in the new weight room, following a training course based loosely on that of the Canadian National Ski Team. After Christmas, the cross-country skis were brought out and the team began the many miles they were to cover in training for the Manitoba Junior Cross-Country Ski Championships. The gold, silver, and bronze medals were easily won by the strong S.J.R. contingent which dominated the competition at La Riviere.

There was little emphasis on Alpine skiing this year, but Quinte, Rolf and Bowman were able to make a good showing in the Manitoba Junior Slalom. They did not place, but all were in the top half of the field.



Derek Riley



Lloyd Simmons

#### WELLARD'S WINTER WHEE

As has been the case for the last five years, S.J.R. had a weekend outing at the Lakehead for all the skiers and interested non-skiers in the school. Participation in this annual event has increased fantastically over the last few years and this year 129 boys and sundry masters and wives took advantage of Mr. Wellard's Travel Bureau.

The weekend was actually a three day holiday as Friday afternoon and Monday morning were half-holidays for the school. Within the end of lunch 120 boys with skis, boots, poles and overnight bags had been piled on to three buses in front of the school, but we did not get underway until about 1 p.m. After a somewhat tiring bus trip, the three buses arrived within half an hour of each other at 10:30 p.m. Fort William time. Everybody was supposed to go to bed immediately upon arrival; within four hours or so all boys were peacefully asleep.

Once again we were staying in the Prince Arthur Hotel in Port Arthur, courtesy of Mr. Weare, who provided accommodation for everybody on the trip free of charge. After breakfast at the hotel on Saturday morning, we left for the slopes at Loch Lomond on our buses. Once at the slopes there was a short delay while Mr. Wellard collected tow tickets and stapled them onto jackets. Then we were turned loose, except for the wives who were ably taken in hand, for a few elementary lessons, by the pros. For Saturday the base was about forty to fifty inches with some powder, and all the slopes were in excellent condition. In a pleasant change from last year, there were no casualities before lunch on Saturday, in fact there was only one minor fall sprain later in the afternoon.









That night, while a wild party was going on in 432, most of the boys spent a relatively quiet evening at a movie, or some other such "harmless" activity. Virtually all the boys were in bed by the prescribed hour, but some of the masters.....? Overnight about an inch of powder fell on the slopes at Loch Lomond, so conditions were ideal when we hit the slopes for the second time. The weather was again glorious, and it was a real joy to ski bare-headed and with open jackets in contrast to last year when it was twenty below and windy. The day went successfully, until after three o'clock when fatigue and perhaps over-exhuberance got the better of three boys. As a result our casualty list after the weekend read: three twisted knees and a crumpled nose.

Returning to the hotel we had dinner, cleaned up our rooms, and by 7:30 we were away. Most boys were fairly tired consequently the return trip was much quieter than the trip out. The first bus arrived back at 2:30 a.m., the last at about 4 a.m., but luckily Monday morning was designated as a recovery morning, so everybody was relatively fresh for afternoon classes.

It was a most enjoyable weekend for all concerned and thanks must be extended to Mr. Wellard, who organized the whole weekend, Mr. Weare, for his overwhelming generosity, in providing us with accommodation, and all members of the staff who accompanied us as "chaperones" and sometime skiers.



Sept.	4:	Boarders Return.
Sept.	5:	Classes for the 68-69 school year begin. Fall sports begin.
Sept.	8:	Church.
Sept.	9:	Canadian National Hockey team intra- squad game in Dutton Memorial Arena.
Sept.	11:	Fort Garry Bear Hunt on river field.
Sept.	15:	Sunday Chapel, sermon by Mr. Gordon in which he spoke on the difference of "hearing" and "listening".
Sept.	17:	Senior Soccer — Glenlawn 2, S.J.R. 2. Junior Cross-country.
Sept.	18:	Senior Cross-country team places eighth at St. Vital meet.
Sept.	19:	Senior Soccer - S.J.R. 0, Dakota 1.
Sept.	21:	Intermediate Football – S.J.R. 52, Assiniboia Residential School 19.
Sept. 2	1-22:	Lower School Camping trip to the Souris District.
Sept.	24:	Senior Soccer – S.J.R. 3, Vincent Massey 2.
Sept.	25:	Mr. S.A. Searle Jr. announces that Mr. J. Schaffter will succeed Mr. Gordon as headmaster. Junior Soccer — S.J.R. 1, Pembina Crest
		0.
Sept.	26:	Senior Cross-Country in St. James. Senior Soccer — S.J.R. 0, Glenlawn 0.
Sept.	27:	Barbecue on the dike attended by Ravenscourt and Balmoral Hall followed by a singsong around a bonfire and record hop in the gym.
Sept.	28:	Senior Soccer – S.J.R. 1, Portage La Prairie 1.
Sept.	29:	Intermediate football - S.J.R. 31, Assin-



iboia Residential School 18. Trip to Manitoba Desert.

### SCHOOL 1968

Sept.	30:	Intermediate Soccer – S.J.R. 0, Vincent Massey 3.
Oct.	1:	Senior Soccer — S.J.R. 2, Dakota 1. Intermediate and Junior Cross-Country race here.
Oct.	3:	Senior Soccer - S.J.R. 4, Vincent Massey 0.
Oct.	4:	Boys go to see Nats play St. Louis Blues at Winnipeg Arena.
Oct.	6:	Sunday Chapel. Sermon by Mr. Gordon. Intermediate football — S.J.R. 6, Fort Garry 19.
Oct.	7:	Don Denmark and Gerald Schwartz appointed as vice-captains of the school.
Oct.	8:	Senior soccer — S.J.R. 1, Westwood 3.



Oct.	9:	Senior Cross-Country in St. James. Senior Soccer team loses 1 - 0 to Lac du
		Bonnet thus eliminated from provincials.
Oct.	19:	Senior Soccer - S.J.R. 2, Old Boys 0.
Oct.	21:	Senior Cross-Country at Ravenscourt.
Oct.	23:	"Masters vs Seniors" Soccer game ended in a 2 - 2 tie.
Oct.	24:	Dress rehearsal for "Years of Change" a play by Mr. McLeod dedicated to Mr. Gordon.
Oct. 25-26:		Fathers' & Sons' Weekend.
		Lower School House soccer games.  Intermediate football game — S.J.R. 13, St. Vital 8.  Senior Soccer — S.J.R. 3, Portage 0. Banquet followed by announcement of boys named to the Governor General's Honour list.  Play "The Years of Change" with Mr. Shepherd directing the choir.  Sunday Chapel: sermon by Dr. Donald Ray of Fort Garry United Church. Interprovincial tug-o-war with the west victorious.
Nov.	1:	Dance with the "Flight."

# **DIARY**1969

Nov. 3: Sunday Chapel with sermon by Canon Kelly, Old Boy of the school.

Nov. 6: House Cross-Country.

Nov. 8: Remembrance Day Service.

Nov. 25-29: Christmas Exams.

Dec. 1: Senior A Hockey - S.J.R. 6, St. John's College 5.

Senior BHockey - S.J.R. 3, Assiniboia 2.

Dec. 7: Senior B Hockey - S.J.R. 1, Fort Garry 1.

Dec. 8: Sunday Chapel and final service for Mr. Gordon.

Dec. 11: Senior B Hockey - S.J.R. 6, St. Boniface 0.

Dec. 12: Senior Basketball – S.J.R. 52, St. Boniface 21.



Dec. 13: Presentation of Silver Tray to Mr.
Gordon from the boys and flowers to
Mrs. Gordon.

Thompson House Christmas party.

Dec. 14: Senior A Hockey team to Grand Forks where they won 1 - 0.

Dec. 15: Christmas dinner for boarders and staff.

Nine lesson carol service. Choir directed
by Mr. Shepherd. Mr. James A. Richardson read a lesson.

Dec. 16: Senior Basketball – S.J.R. 9, St. Paul's 59. Dec. 18: Senior Basketball – S.J.R. 21, Kelvin 99.

Senior A Hockey – S.J.R. 12, Assiniboia 0.

Dec. 19: Christmas Holidays begin.

Jan. 8: Classes recommence with Mr. Schaffter as new headmaster.

Jan. 10: Three girls from Transcona Collegiate check the school out as part of a survey of Winnipeg Schools. School meeting and talk on student unrest by Professor Peterson from U. of M.

Jan. 11: Senior B Hockey - S.J.R. 1, St. Paul's 9.
Jan. 12: Senior A Hockey - S.J.R. 3, St. Paul's 0.

Jan. 12: Senior A Hockey – S.J.R. 3, St. Paul's 0.
Jan. 13: Senior A Hockey – S.J.R. 6, St. John's



Jan. 15: College 4.

Zone 12 curling semi-final — S.J.R. 3,
M.B.C.I. 11.

Jan. 17: School meeting—ski film.
Senior Basketball — S.J.R. 62, Old
Boys 54.

Jan. 18: Senior B Hockey - S.J.R. 2, Tuxedo 4.

Jan. 19: Skating Party.

Jan. 22: Senior A Hockey – S.J.R. 3, St. Paul's 1.
Senior B Hockey – S.J.R. 6, St. Boniface 5.

Jan. 23: Senior Basketball – S.J.R. 59, Old Boys

Jan. 24: Senior B Hockey – S.J.R. 1, Assini-

Jan. 25: Senior A Hockey - S.J.R. 5, Assiniboia 4.



Jan. 27: Senior Basketball – S.J.R. 59, Manitoba School for Deaf 22.

Jan. 29: Senior Basketball — S.J.R. 50, St. Boniface 48.

Junior Basketball — S.J.R. 31, St. Boniface 28.

Jan. 30: Dress rehearsal for Lower School play "King Patch and Mr. Simpkins".

"King Patch and Mr. Simpkins".Jan. 31: Play presented for public, Lower School

Feb. 1: Auditorium. Directed by Mr. Shepherd. Senior A Hockey — S.J.R. 2, Ft. Garry Juveniles 0.

Feb. 3: Senior A Hockey – S.J.R. 5, Old Boys 0. My Fair Lady at the Playhouse.

Feb. 5: Senior Basketball – S.J.R. 51, St. Boniface 41.

Feb. 7: Junior Basketball — S.J.R. 25, St. Boniface 27.
Senior B Hockey — S.J.R. 1, Tuxedo 4.

School meeting with presentation by the Grant Park Orchestra.



Feb. 8: Winter Carnival and dance with the U.F.O.

Feb. 10: Junior Basketball - S.J.R. 26, Ft. Richmond 30.

Senior A Hockey - S.J.R. 5, Louis Riel 1.

Feb. 13: Senior Basketball - S.J.R. 55, Old Boys 38.

Feb. 14-16: Ski trip to the Lakehead.

Feb. Senior A Hockey – S.J.R. 9, St. Paul's 2. Senior Basketball - S.J.R. 25, St. Paul's 52.

Junior Basketball - S.J.R. 6, Ft. Rich-

Feb. 20: mond 31.

> Senior B Hockey - S.J.R. 9, Minor Seminary 0.

Feb. 21: School meeting and talk on the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Senior Basketball - S.J.R. 44, St. Boniface 33.

Feb. 21-23: Senior A Hockey Blake Tournament.

S.J.R. 12, Minehaha 1. S.J.R. 4, Blake 5 in overtime.

S.J.R. 10, Breck 1.

Feb. 24: Senior Basketball – S.J.R. 34, M.B.C.I. 97.

Feb. 28: Senior BHockey - S.J.R. 2, Assiniboia 2. Senior Basketball semi-finals – S.J.R. 39,

St. Paul's 71.

March 3: Senior Basketball Semi-finals -- S.J.R. 32,

St. Paul's 69. Our Sound II.

Senior B Hockey Semi-final - S.J.R. 1,

St. Boniface 0.

March 6: Senior B Hockey Semi-final - S.J.R. 2, St. Boniface 1.

March 7: School meeting at which Mr. Schaffter

talks on space and time.

March Sunday Chapel. Sermon by Mr. Penaluna.

60 March 10-14: Easter exams.

5:

March



March 15: Senior B Hockey finals - S.J.R. 4, Assin-

iboia 3.

March 16: Senior B Hockey finals - S.J.R. 4, Assin-

iboia 5.

March 17: Presentation of ties to Governor's Hon-

ours List Students.

March 23: Sunday Chapel. Mr. McLeod gives sermon

> on "The Symbol is the Message". Sheila Maurer reads and a scene from Noah's Flood is presented. Aaron Schwartz and John Kiddell, two former students of

Mr. McLeod read lessons.

March 25: Term ends.



April Spring term begins.

13: April Sunday Chapel. Sermon by Mr. Glegg.

School play "Thieves' Carnival" directed May 2 & 3:

by Mr. Glegg.

4: Choir directed by Mr. Shepherd sings at May St. Paul's Anglican Church.

May 10: R.L. Gordon Day.

May 16-19: Lower School camping trip.

May 23: Graduation dance.

Lower School Sports Day. May 28:

May 30: Athletic Banquet.

June 2-10: June exams.

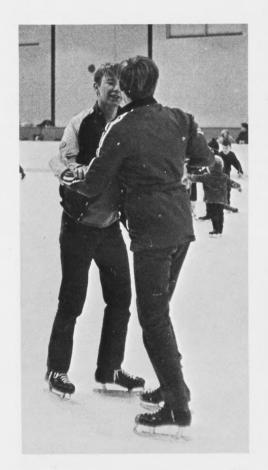
June End of term service.

June Prize day. June 19-27: Grade 12 exams.

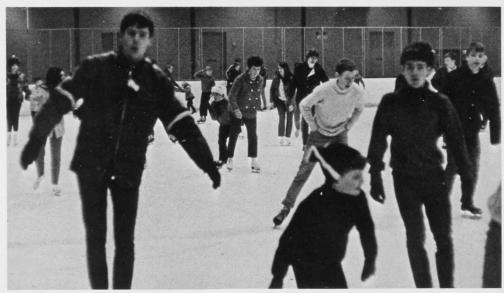
#### THE INVITATIONAL SKATE-IN



Like the wolf on the fold, several hundred skaters descended on Dutton Memorial Arena on January 19 to sample the pleasures of skating, socializing, and wolfing hot dogs and soft drinks at alarming rates. These pleasures were indulged in, in copious quantities; hot dog after hot dog was eaten to stoke that inner fire that kept propelling skaters round and round the rink. While eating and skating took up a good part of the time, socializing had the lion's share. Gaggles of girls were pursued around the rink by young Hans Brinkers while older more staid members of society chased recalcitrant offspring or chatted with friends. The afternoon was a huge success, if success is measured in the amount of hot dogs eaten.



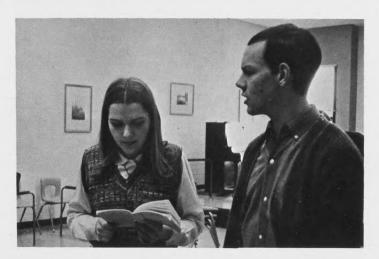




#### S.J.R. DRAMA GOES CO-ED.







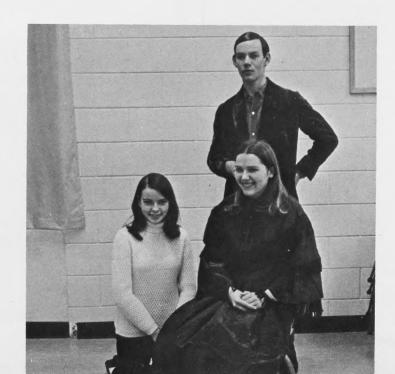


At the time of going to Press the 1969 school play "The Thieves' Carnival" is at the rehearsal stage. This year, for the first time, Balmoral Hall has been invited to take part, and three of their students have major parts in our production. We hope this will lend authenticity and interest to both performers and to our audiences.

The three thieves in Jean Anouilh's comedy are played by Stewart Searle, John Hutchings and Morgan Thomas; Lord Edgar and Lady Hurf by Peter McCreath and Connie Kacharczyk; two French social climbers by Peter Dower and Hugh Thomas, and the two girls by Janet Denmark and Helen Hay.

As with "A Theatre Happening" two years ago the production is in the round in the Dining Hall, and the performance of a modern comedy in this specialized theatrical form presents a real challenge to the members of the cast, and one which they are meeting well.

The play is produced and directed by Mr. Glegg, and production dates are May second and third.



#### **OUR SOUND**

This year's production of "Our Sound", Mrs. Ainley's pet talent showcase was an even bigger success than last year's inaugural production. The overflow crowd was treated to examples of its offspring's abundant talents. The Grade Two class graphically showed why you should never smile at a crocodile by bringing one on stage, and feeding it a couple of Grade Ones. The New Renditions rendered some Dylan, Bob for those of you who have some culture. Deborah Schwartz showed her ventriloquistic talents in imitating Bob Dylan through the mouth of her wind-up Gerry-doll. The Allisons proved conclusively that Scottish culture requires energy; luckily heather acts like smelling salts for those who did not eat rye in their porridge. A new instrumental group Cracker and the Barrel Staves entertained the crowd with a song drawn entirely from personal experience "Love is Blue, but My Ink is Green." Morgan and Hugh Thomas gave a musical example of anti-climax, fortunately for them while they were ending their act not starting it.

Mr. Glegg and Mr. Bevis revealed to everyone "the unyoked humour of their illness" to quote Prince Hal, and half the population of Argentina came north

solely to entertain us with German folk songs.

All in all it was an enjoyable evening, and the audience I am sure would like to take this opportunity to thank all the performers, in the words of a visiting Hollywood scout "you were beautiful, babies", the kitchen staff for providing cookies, and Mrs. Ainley for providing the talent.









#### THE GOVERNORS' HONOURS LIST



McCreath, Kruegar, Searle, Thompson, Hammond, Kobrinsky.

At Fathers' and Sons' weekend in the fall of 1968, the Chairman of the Board announced a new award for academic achievement, to be known as the Governers' Honours List. After announcing the names of those elected for the award in the 1967-1968 academic year, Mr. Searle explained the purposes of the award.

The Honours List is intended to honour and encourage scholastic achievement in each complete school year, by recording and perpetuating the names of outstanding scholars in the Upper School, whether or not they are returning to S.J.R. in the following year. It is also hoped

that the award will supplement the Red River Scholarship programme by giving a really valid gauge of scholastic achievement, which will be of use to students when applying for entrance or scholarships to universities.

Certain privileges and duties are attached to the award, the privileges being a distinctive tie, in the school colours, to be worn with the school uniform, a permanent record of those elected each year to be inscribed on boards in the Dining Hall, a dinner with the Board of Governors, study priviliges for boarders and a substantial entertainment allowance. Those elected will be expected to organize and run an internal tutorial system for boys in need of academic help, and they will also act as school hosts when there are visitors at S.J.R.

Those elected to the Honours List for 1967-1968 were:

Grade Twelve: Mark Dallas, Jim Lawson. Grade Eleven: Peter McCreath, Stewart Searle.

Grade Ten: Nathan Kobrinsky, Lawrence Thompson.

Grade Nine: Michael Hammond.

Grade Eight: Hugh Brock, Stephen Krueger.

Mr. Searle presented the new ties at a school assembly this spring. In future the announcement of awards and presentation of ties will take place at the banquet on Fathers' and Sons' Weekend.

This "Valete" is out of place because of the deadline system used by The Eagle.

-editor.

#### WILLIAM LEONARD

Mr. Leonard, who came to St. John's-Ravenscourt in the fall of 1965, to teach English, is moving to British Columbia with his family where he has accepted a teaching position. Mr. Leonard will be much missed at the school: in the classroom, on the playing fields, in the rink and at the chessboard. In addition to his regular teaching timetable, Mr. Leonard coached Bantam or Intermediate Canadian Football for four years; he was Referee-in-chief of the Independent School Hockey League; he was staff advisor to the Chess and Bridge Clubs and on at least two memorable occasions arranged for world champion chess player Abe Yanofsky to come to the school to test the boys' skill at Chess. Mr. Leonard was the creator and advisor of the S.J.R. Athletic Council. In addition he organized many trips to Hockey games and was an able referee in the House System Games Schedule.

Before coming to S.J.R. Mr. Leonard attended the University of Western Ontario from which University he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1963. He later graduated from The Ontario College of Education and taught at Espanola, Ontario for two years prior to coming to S.J.R. Since coming here he has almost completed the requirements for the Bachelor of Education degree at the University of Manitoba.

The Headmaster, boys, and staff wish Mr. Leonard all the best in his chosen career.



# LOWER SCHOOL



## LOWER SCHOOL HEADMASTER'S FOREWORD

On a typically wet, overcast, gloomy day in London, England, I met Mr. Gordon for the first time in the lobby of the Cumberland Hotel. There were two aspects of this first encounter that impressed me. The first was his predilection for curry which became apparent as soon as we ordered a meal and the second was the complete absence of pomposity in his make-up. Too many men make themselves small by puffing themselves up. Dick Gordon is not one of them.

In the course of the next ten years, I found out much more about him—he believed in a boy's inalienable right to develop his own character and hated the idea that a school might "mould" it. In a word, he believed to a greater degree than most headmasters, in the essential freedom of staff and boys to act on their own responsibility. No boy was ever sacrificed on the altar of expediency and no blanket judgements were made whilst he was headmaster. He believed in the sanity of treating individual boys differently, in giving them the maximum freedom to act on their own initiative, and if necessary, to learn by making their own mistakes.

It was in the pursuance of these ideals that Mr. Gordon showed his strength. Flexible in his dealings with boys, he was nevertheless inflexible in the observance of these principles where running the school was concerned. He was not interested in running a well-oiled machine, since this would pre-suppose that boys were mere cogs in that machine; but cogs have to rotate in a prescribed manner, and any suggestion that boys should thus rotate was to Dick Gordon an anathema.

When you meet men who were at St. John's-Ravenscourt School between the years of 1952 and 1968, you will meet men who have held their own destiny in their hands during their school years. They will not in their youth have been wet-nursed and they will not have been bludgeoned into shape. If you find there is an ease in their manner, individuality in their thought, and openness in their expression, it will in no small way be due to the liberal education that they received at the hands of Mr. Gordon.

C. B. Kiddell, Head of Lower School.

#### **HEAD BOY'S REPORT**

This year has been a very busy one for most boys. Apart from the usual academic pursuits, there are still numerous interest clubs, the most popular of which are the judo, rifle, and model railway club. Our thanks go to Mr. Wilson, Mr. Beare and Mr. Bevis for these options.

The Lower School play for this year, "King Patch and Mr. Simpkins" has been a great success, and is the product of weeks of rehearsals under the direction of Mr. Shepherd. Once again the choir has been formed from boys of grade four to twelve. Under the firm direction of Mr. Shepherd, it has performed excellently before numerous audiences.

The 1969 edition of the S.J.R. Winter Carnival also made a great hit, starting the day off with skating races right up to a delicious dinner. On behalf of the Lower School, I would like to thank all people who have helped to make this a prosperous and enjoyable year. I would also like to thank my fellow monitors for all the support they have given me.

Allan Beech

#### FORM VII EW



FRONT ROW: Chris Dornan, Fred Young, Wesley Christie, Gary Jacob, Douglas Clark, Mark Bredin. BACK ROW: Frank Jakovac, Alan Gervai, Graeme Barrit, Gordon Finlay, Richard Klassen, Allen Beech, Kurt Barkman, Mr. Beare.

#### FORM REMOVE



FRONT ROW: David Ramsay, Jim Ross, John Edwards, Grant Ubell, Joel Kobrinsky, Norman Barton, Donald Guest, Brian Ramsay, David Morse.

BACK ROW: Richard Krueger, John Layng, Scott Matthews, Peter Wood, Mark Flett, Tim Freeman, Ken Taylor, Craig Miller, Jim Hjartason, Mr. Shepherd.



#### FORM VI

FRONT ROW: Ken Young, Eric Prall, Hal Rosenblat, Rusty Chant, Ted Leach, George Cherewan, Bill Speers, Rhos Dyke, Ian Henderson, Tim Anthony.

BACK ROW: Clifford Roulston, Harold MacDonald, Joel Konnelly, Randy Zaharia, Mr. Cowie, Jim Gordon, Doug Gillis, Dennis Watkins, Jim Reimer, John Nesbitt, Andrew Corner.

#### FORM V



FRONT ROW: Andrew Hay, Daniel Woolf, Chris Ainley, Blaine Freedy, Roddy Flewin, David Mitchell, Jim Waters, Cary Rosenblat, Simon Brown.

BACK ROW: Jeff Carhart, Douglas McKeag, Bill Shaddy, Fred Gentz, Tim Beaumont, Graham Harvey, Rob Harding, Stephen Brandy, Tommy Evans, Mr. Jackson.

## FORM IV



FRONT ROW: Jonathan Scarth, Andrew Mikolajewski, Paul Bevis, Bonifacio Bigornia, Eric Gullichsen, Ernest Cholakis.

MIDDLE ROW: Dominic Anthony, Robert Brazzell, Andrew Gellman, Dean Cortilet, Douglas Nanton, Brent Hurtig, Vincent Brown, John Fraser.

BACK ROW: Douglas Brummer, Tony Wood, Lorne Morriss, Allan Murray, Bill Gillespie, Jeff Andruchuk, Stuart Phillips, Ralph Krueger, Douglas Everett, Mrs. Ward.



## FORM III

FRONT ROW: Allistair Mitchell, Robert Loudfoot, Johnny Prall, Edwin MacDonald, Geoffrey Smith, Stephen Breer, Brian Hassett, Derek Wallace.

BACK ROW: Barrett Filbert, Rod Miller, Gordon Kell, Peter John Speers, Neil Cruickshank, Michael Vickers, Steven Hijmans, Robert Lawler, Martin Bevis, Mrs. Allen.

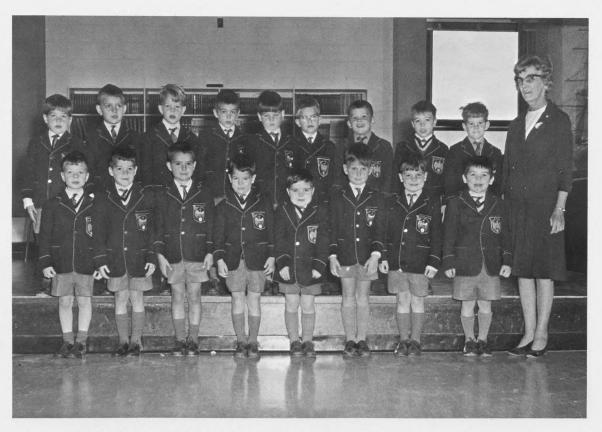


### FORM II

FRONT ROW: William Brummer, Michael Edwards, Joseph Banfield, Todd Pfefferle, Michael Rosborough, David Shore, Donald Konantz, David McCracken, Jayson Webb, Donald McDonald, Miss Fleming.

BACK ROW: James Sutton, Peter Fattal, Richard Cole, Andrew Classco, Richard May, Andrew Paterson, Bruce Klassen, Maurice Arpin, Darrell Burt, Douglas Smith.

## FORM I



FRONT ROW: Randy de Paiva, Peter Vickers, Peter Provis, Brent Morse, Andrew Mitchell, Geoffrey Devenney, Guy Macdonald, Michael Carney, Mrs. Murray.
BACK ROW: Robert Ward, Benjamin Bond, Christopher Van Allen, Tommy Baxter, Tully Waisman, Lloyd Thomas, Andrew Ainley, Saul Brown, Jeremy Woolf.

#### ANOTHER CHANGE....

# NEW HOUSE BECOMES WAUDBY HOUSE



FRONT ROW: Benjamin Bond, Jason Webb, David McCracken, Todd Pfefferle, Andrew Glassco, Bill Brummer, Peter Vickers, Randy de Paiva, Brian Hassett.

SECOND ROW: Michael Vickers, Allan Murray, Bill Gillespie, Dean Cortilet, Andrew Gellman, Robert Lawler, Jonathan

THIRD ROW: Cary Rosenblat, Doug Brummer, Franc Jakovac, Graeme Barrit, Peter Wood, Allan Beech, Kurt Barkman, Joe Bansfield, Geoffrey Smith.

BACK ROW: Fred Gentz, Robert Harding, Hal Rosenblat, Mrs. Allen, Joel Konnelly, Mr. Shepherd, John Layng, Harold MacDonald, Miss Fleming, David Morse, Rusty Chant, Jimmy Waters.

The fourth Lower School House, formerly called New House, was renamed Waudby House this year as a tribute to Mr. John Waudby. Above are the first members of this house.

#### **HOUSE REPORTS**

#### WAUDBY

Waudby has done exceptionally well this year in collecting house points on the sports fields. Our senior team won all the soccer competitions, but our junior team did not win the finals. However, both divisions came out on top in the cross-country event. At the moment the Seniors hold the lead in hockey, and I hope they continue to do so, as for the juniors we can only hope. We have not done so well in the honours and stripes competition so far, and in the future I hope that we will move up the ladder to a higher position.

On behalf of the boys of Waudby House, I would like to thank Miss Fleming, Mrs. Allen and Mr. Shepherd for their help and encouragement throughout the year.

> Allen Beech House Captain

#### **RICHARDSON**

This year I am pleased to report that Richardson House is doing quite well in sports. We had tied Waudby House for the Lower School Soccer Cup and were in first place in both junior and senior house hockey competition at the end of the first term. This term we are in second place in the senior house hockey with Waudby House proving to be our main competition. In the junior hockey competition however, we are in first place. I do hope we will be able to maintain our standings throughout the term. We are not doing that well in honours and stripes and far too many members are receiving too many stripes and not enough honours.

I would like on behalf of the members of Richardson House to thank Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Ward and Mr. Jackson for their support this year.

Gary Jacob House Captain

#### **YOUNG**

Young House has been faring well this year in most aspects. During the summer and autumn our soccer team made the finals, but unfortunately were defeated in the knock-outs on Fathers' and Sons' Day. As for cross-country, most boys put forward a very valiant effort. I regret to say that so far in honours and stripes we have not come up with the prize once. In the future we should all try to push ahead to first place. Inter-house hockey has probably been one of our best attempts yet. We have lost only one game and are, at the moment, in second place. I am hoping that this will be a very prosperous year for Young House, and I extend my thanks to Mr. Bevis and Mr. Beare for all the encouragement and guidance they have given us throughout the terms.

Wes Christie House Captain

#### **HAMBER**

Hamber House failed to live up to last year's athletic standards, but in honours and stripes we have outdone last year. The cross-country competition flopped, as did soccer. The Juniors made a good try at it but, like the Seniors, failed. The hockey started out with a hope but sank miserably. Our best game was a two-two tie with Richardson. With Timothy Anthony retreating to England and David Ramsay (Games Captain and Playground "C" goalie) out of net, Hamber was completely confused. I would like to thank Mr. Cowie and his "Ohhhh! Wretched Creatures!" and Madame Perrault and her French encouragement for the vain help.

Douglas Clark House Captain

#### **HOUSE SOCCER**

#### WAUDBY HOUSE SENIOR CHAMPIONS



FRONT ROW: Joel Konnelly, Harold MacDonald, Rusty Chant, David Morse, Hal Rosenblat. BACK ROW: Kurt Barkman, Peter Wood, Graeme Barrit, Allan Beech, Captain; Frank Jakovac, Jonathan Layng.

#### RICHARDSON HOUSE JUNIOR CHAMPIONS



FRONT ROW: Robert Brazzell, Doug Everett, Eric Gullichsen, David Mitchell. BACK ROW: Jeff Andruchuk, Stephen Brandy, Andrew Hay, Simon Brown, Ralph Krueger.

#### **HOUSE CROSS-COUNTRY**

#### WAUDBY HOUSE SENIOR CHAMPIONS



FRONT ROW: Joel Konnelly, Hal Rosenblat, David Morse, Rusty Chant, Harold MacDonald.
BACK ROW: Kurt Barkman, Graeme Barrit, Peter Wood, Jonathan Layng, Frank Jakovac, Allan Beech.

#### WAUDBY HOUSE JUNIOR CHAMPIONS

FRONT ROW: Jonathan Scarth, Alan Murray, Cary Rosenblat, Andrew Gellman, Jimmy Waters.

BACK ROW: Dean Cortilet, Doug Brummer, Robert Harding, Fred Gentz, Bill Gillespie.



#### **SCHOOL TEAMS**



# SENIOR SOCCER

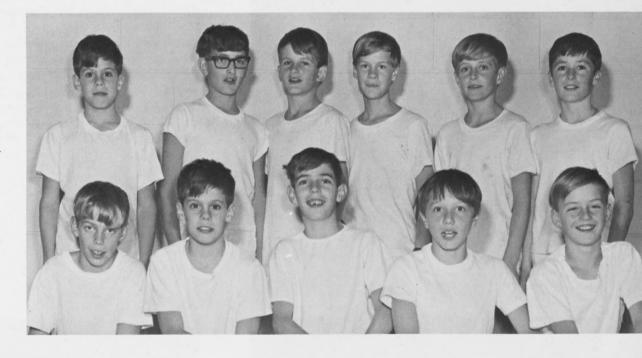
FRONT ROW: Andrew Corner, Brian Ramsay, Hal Rosenblat, Chris Dornan, Jim Gordon.

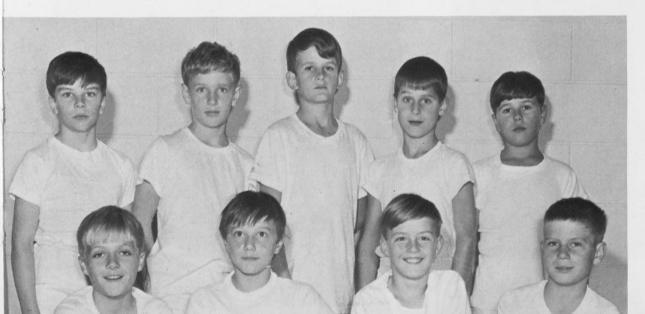
MIDDLE ROW: Frank Jakovac, Jim Ross, Craig Miller, Mark Bredin, Doug Clark.

BACK ROW: Mr. Cowie, Kurt Barkman, Gary Jacob, Peter Wood, Allan Beech, Captain; Tim Freeman, David Ramsay.

# SENIOR CROSSCOUNTRY

FRONT ROW: Mark Bredin, David Ramsay, Chris Dornan, Paul Bevis, Blaine Freedy. BACK ROW: Brian Ramsay, Gary Jacob, Andrew Corner, Allan Beech, Douglas Clark, Jim Ross.





# JUNIOR CROSSCOUNTRY

FRONT ROW: Jeff Carhart, Paul Bevis, Blaine Freedy, Roddy Flewin. BACK ROW: Andrew Hay

BACK ROW: Andrew Hay, Ralph Krueger, Andrew Corner, Tommy Evans, Erich Prall.





#### KING PATCH AND

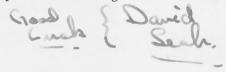
On the night of January the thirty-first, a Djinn was rescued by a court jester from a tree, in which he had been trapped for five hundred years. Thus begins the fantastical voyage of KING PATCH AND MISTER SIMPKINS, put on by Mister Shepherd and the boys of the Lower School.

The casting, which was done early in the school year, was excellent, as could be seen by the superb way that each actor fit his part. Many hours were spent during lunch and after school working on scenes, and I am sure that Mister Shepherd's patience held, as it always does.

It is hard, after seeing such a fine performance, to give credit to only a select few of the total cast and stage crew, but special recognition must be given to Gary Jacob, as Patch, Frank Jakovic, as Mister Simpkins, Donald Guest as Lady Fenella, Chris Dornan, the Basilisk, Kurt Barkmann, as Sir Fenimore, and Graham Barrit, as Sir Battledore, must also be given extra praise.

Many thanks must be directed to Mrs. Allen, for her beautiful costumes, Mrs. Ward for all the properties, Mr. Beare, for the time he spent on lighting, Mr. Cowie for the sound effects and to Mr. Bevis for the time he spent on sets. Mrs. Mauer, Mrs. Glegg, Mrs. Bevis, Mrs. Beare, and Mrs. Penaluna must be given praise for their efforts in making up the actors. Mr. Jackson and Mrs. Brown cannot be forgotten for their roles as house manager and secretary respectively.

Next year Mr. Shepherd will be hard pressed to match this year's performance—congratulations to all involved.





#### MR. SIMPKINS

#### THE CAST

Patch, a fool
Costumes
assisted by Jim Hjartarson Ken Taylor Richard Krueger Joel Kobrinsky Trumpet played by Kent Stewart Make-up Sheila Maurer Peggy Glegg Joanne Bevis Beth Beare
Mollie Penaluna House Manager Bruce Jackson Secretary Ramona Brown Director









## THE MOST DANGEROUS FIRE IN THE UNIVERSE

We were millions of light-years from our galaxy and our destination was another star system similar to our own. Our ship was exploring the least known sector of the universe and it made one feel lonely and helpless just to stare out at it. We were conquering the last frontier for it was our dream. We were there to fulfil an ultimate goal and if successful, it would be a fantastic achievement.

Our tiny ship pushed on relentlessly, day after day, month after month, year after year. The monotonous hum of the reactors seemed to put me into deep trance for just the thought of them forced me to produce a sleepy yawn. Even in our experienced captain one could notice a slow down for time began to take its toll. But after a while, I suppose one would become used to the drowsy mood of the environment. Our technology, however, was not advanced enough to construct a spacecraft to overcome the light-barrier and thus the journey would drag through a span of over two hundred years. Each day I gazed through the telescope at our target and wondered what awaited us, another civilian? No one could even attempt to guess, the only thing to do was wait and that wasn't difficult for I often sat in my quarters staring out through the window at the wonders of the universe, speculating as to what we would find.

Soon, however, it became evident that our journey was reaching its completion. Finally after an almost indefinite period of two hundred and thirty-six years, we burst into the outer limits of the galaxy. We analyzed thousands of stars and solar systems, but the one which interested us the most was a tiny, yellow star situated in the outer realms of this island universe and although relatively small it possessed a family of nine planets. It seemed to emit an irresistable attraction for us, as if something strange was awaiting our arrival. So our ship turned toward this peculiar phenomenon with gathering speed.

Suddenly we came in visual contact of the first three; they were cold, forbidding worlds, dead and silent. Thus we passed these globes of frozen ice unheadingly, and turned our eyes toward that warm, golden star with its gleaming light ruling this system. Then, unexpectedly, we came across two giant bodies much more inviting than the other three but still possessing unwelcoming qualities. Thus our course remained unchanged as we passed into the inner sector. There we found a tiny blood-red planet. However, the atmosphere readings proved this to be a hostile world as well, and once again we turned inward with the hope of success hanging on a thread.

Suddenly, almost out of nowhere a blue-green disc came into view. As we neared this body we noticed great swirling

masses of creamy, white clouds embracing this globe and that it was capped by sparkling ice at the poles. This world proved more than interesting and life conditions were ideal, so a landing party was immediately appointed.

Once on the surface we discovered something even stranger than clouds. There were cities here, a civilization, but we noticed something else, also. There were giant craters completely covering the land and the huge structures in the cities were severely damaged. But the thing that really impressed us was that there wasn't a being for miles; it was as if the whole planet was dead.

Then I began staring around desperately. Immediately my vision caught sight of something, some markings on a piece of oxidized metal. I picked it up anxiously and fumbled it between my fingers like a child with a new toy, then quickly brushed the dirt off it. There were three distinct markings on it that looked like U.S.A., but I couldn't make anything out of it.

Suddenly, clicks started coming in on the "radiation" meter. Just then the answer to the puzzle of what had occurred here flashed into my mind. It had been staring at me right in the eyes all the time.

Nobody in sight, extensive damage, craters, radiation, that was it! This civilization had discovered the most dangerous fire in the universe and like a boy who had been playing with matches, carelessly burnt itself.

Frank Jakovac 7EW

#### **NIAGARA FALLS**

Niagara Falls is a city to which every road leads. To the east is magnificent countryside. There are rolling hills past the meeting point of the sky and earth. To the south, across the Niagara River are the United States. To the north is the timber country and the west reveals its most famous area — the Great Lakes.

There are many beautiful streets but the most beautiful is the one which runs along the mighty and ever rumbling Niagara River. The south side or side which runs along with the Niagara River is the most beautiful. The indescribable carpet of grass is always glistening from the cool but refreshing spray of water leaping off the top of the falls and plunging to the bottom. There are many magnificent trees along the side of the river as old as the city itself.

The other side of the street doesn't contain as many natural sites as the other side, but instead, it contains many natural substances combined to make man-made edifices. From this road you can see the city's skyline which has one tall building towering above all the rest; this is the Skylon, a two-story disc shaped building atop a many hundred foot

stem which is anchored into the main floor.

The population of this tourist-filled city ranges from the poorest families to the most wealthy. At night you can see the less fortunate part of the population out on the streets. The men in their unbuttoned shirts reveal a filthy undershirt. The women in their ragged dresses and sweaters just walk around. The children wander about in groups, wasting time throughout the night for their parents have left them alone.

Gary Jacob 7EW

#### THE GEORGIAN ROOM

The Georgian Room is a big restaurant located on the fifth floor of the downtown department store "The Bay". Leading into the restaurant is a hall with sofas and easy chairs where customers, who do not want to eat right away, may rest their weary feet. In the hall there are also shiny cigarette machines, a counter where you may buy birthday cakes, and a cashier's desk.

Once inside the restaurant itself we see shining wooden tables while along the walls are booths with menus under their glass tabletops. In the center of the room stands a large circular shelf with many varieties of puddings, cakes, pies, cookies, fruit cocktail and melons: both water melon and cantaloupe. You may have all you want for only fifty cents!

All over the restaurant there are waitresses taking orders and delivering food (that is, if you are not going to the buffet.) The waitresses wear white aprons over their black uniforms. It is easy to see that the waitresses like their jobs because they always have smiles on their happy faces.

Beside the doorway stands a lady who tells customers which table or booth to sit at. She also gives balloons to young children. This lady wears black stockings, high heeled shoes and a black dress.

Going out into the hall again to pay our bill we see yet another lady who takes orders for cakes and gives children packs of candy or gum. She is dressed almost the same as the lady at the restaurant door except that her stockings are different.

The Georgian Room is a good restaurant to go to after a hard day of shopping.

Daniel Woolf Form 5

#### THE FIRST MEAL

An early spring had come and all through the forest, up to the tree tops of the elderly pine, animals and birds were awakening. The early robin sang out, so the whole woods were filled with music. Up in the clouds, the honking of the migration of geese as they flew past could be heard. Two squirrels, playing a game of chase around, stopped intermittently to occupy themselves with the hourly scratch.

A mother raccoon, and two small babies shook off their sleepy feelings and wandered about their warren, in the knot of a fallen oak. The warren had been lined with dry grass and it stuck to their hides as though it were part of their fur. The mother, feeling the pangs of hunger under her hide, clambered out of the den to the ground. There, she proceeded to roll around, pushing off all the dry grass she could. Normally raccoons are nocturnal or night prowlers, but the present hunger changed this pattern. Finally after a lengthly session of rolling, she got up and poked around some nearby bushes. Finding only the odd grub or so she walked on. After wandering along, the pond soon came into view.

The ice had thawed and ragged lumps of this cold substance could still be seen floating on the crystal water. Pausing after taking a drink, she scrambled into a pile of leaves on an outjutting rock overlooking the pond. Patiently her small, mask-covered eyes scanned the surface of the transparent mass, waiting for the water fowl. The leaves were cold and damp as the sun had melted the snow which lay on top of them. Scant groups of frogs could be seen in the midst of the water, croaking and submerging. Few ducks had yet come in and others just flew past as if the pond wasn't there. The ducks which had just landed stayed in the middle of the pond, and were at the moment, too hard to reach. The frog even looked to be tempting morsels of food. At last a small wood duck paddled closer to the rock and the pile of leaves, where the raccoon lay in wait.

The raccoon fidgeted, waiting for the wood duck to come closer, The duck slid into shore pushing the water behind her. Silently the raccoon wiggled out of the leaves and set her black flashing eyes on the feathered morsel. Pouncing in front of the duck she clawed at her neck, but missed. The duck unfolded its wings and flapped them at the raccoon trying to scare her off. But she was too smart for that and hissed back repeatedly. Her savage menacing teeth drove far into the duck's neck. The duck vigorously pecked at the raccoon but all in vain. The duck soon lay limp in the raccoon's mouth. Following her instincts, the raccoon soused the duck in the water to clean it and carried it home for the first meal of the spring.

Wes Christie Form 7EW

#### AN EXCITING ADVENTURE

Nobody dreamed that anything as exciting as this would ever happen in the little fishing village of Atticia. But one quiet July day it did happen. A small fishing boat chugged its way into the harbour; out of it stepped a tall, well-dressed foreign looking man who was greeted by our latest town mystery-Mr. Jones.

He had driven up to the general store over a week ago asking for Peter Tryggvason. I had replied that there was no such person around here. Since then he had been asking strange questions like "How much money did I make?" or

"How would I like to go to the big city to live?"

I recognized the driver of the fishing boat immediately. It was Joe Zeleski, one of the poorest men of the village. After both men left the boat I asked who his passenger was and where he had picked him up. Joe answered that the foreigner's name was Pete Kofman and that he came on board from a large fancy-looking schooner called the "Slovak".

For several days nothing much happened until a group of men led by Pete and Jones were seen walking down the street. There were about twelve of them, four of whom were carrying large black suit-cases. I decided to follow them. I followed up to the edge of town where a bus picked them up. I sat down on the back fender of the bus and for about an hour the bus carried me along rough roads to an old house. The foreigners entered the house and sat down at a large table. One of the men, who was evidently hot, opened the window. In order that I could hear their conversation, I sat under the window. Soon I peered through the tinted glass of the window and to my amazement (although I really half-expected it) they were using an old-fashioned printer to make counterfeit money. Mr. Jones, (whose real name was Jim Thompson) appeared to be checking for poor copies. Pete who was the boss of the operation threw a waste basket full of poor prints out of my window. Seizing a few of the bills, I ran off to the nearest R.C.M.P station at Little Kaktovik where I reported all I had seen.

Within an hour all the ring were arrested and I received a large reward of \$5,000 for my findings. I used the money to

help pay for a fishing boat of my own.

Ian Henderson Form 6

#### IS A FRIEND **REALLY A FRIEND?**

The party thrived. It was 12 o'clock and still it had not reached its highest moment. The party itself was being given by the Barr family. All those present were not just acquaintances, they were real friends. Over in the corner was Mr. Johnson. Now there was a real friend. He had once saved Mr. Barr from a rattlesnake. And there was Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham; they were really good friends. The Bars and the Cunninghams were brought up together. And we must never leave out Dr. Brown. Dr. Brown cured Mrs. Barr of scarlet fever, and there were so many more.

The radio was on and sweet, soothing music came from it. Suddenly the sweet music changed to the noises of some rowdy, rock and roll group. Almost like a simultaneous response, Mr. Barr switched it off. Then the party went on as if nothing had happened. Why should it stop? There was plenty of food and there was an endless supply of

champagne. So it went on.

After a while Mr. Barr turned on the radio. A voice boomed out from the speaker, "We interrupt this program to deliver a message of national importance. Please DO not panic. Stay Calm! I repeat, Stay Calm! Two atomic missiles are directed at this city. Please do not panic! All is being done to stop this catastrophe. Stay in your homes. Leave this problem to the army and the police. Stay in your homes! "

Mr. Barr turned it off. All were white-faced. Suddenly Mrs. Cunningham screamed, "We are going to be killed. All of us. There is no hope! We're all going to die! Dr. Brown simply lit his pipe as Mr. Cunningham tried to calm his wife. "If you're going to pass away, you're going to pass away one way or the other," Dr. Brown said coolly.

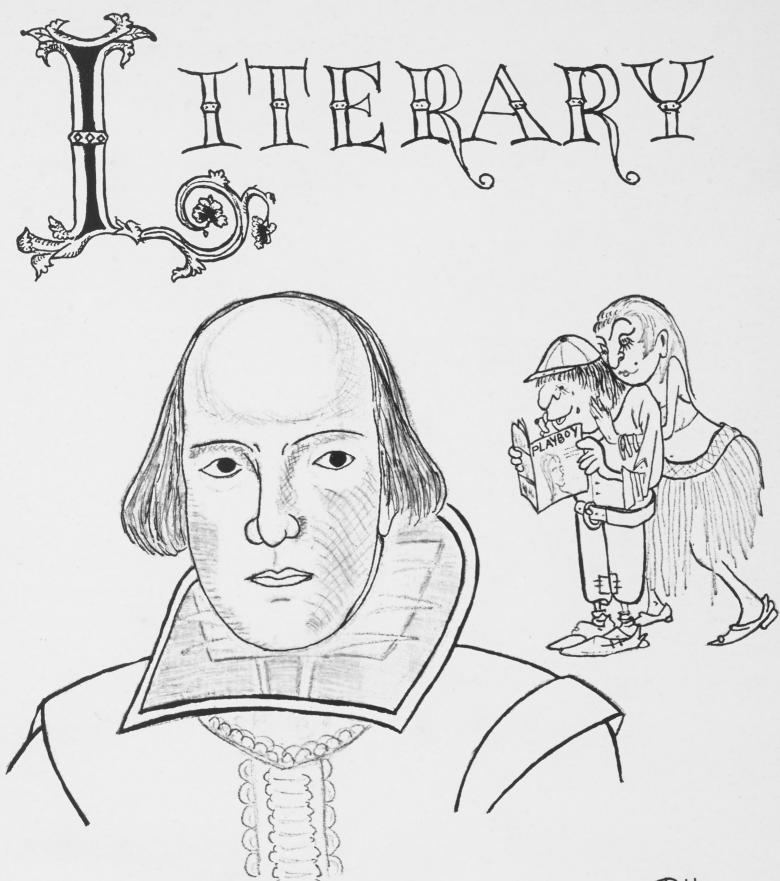
Mr. and Mrs. Barr were making their way through to the next room. "Wait!" Mr. Johnson screamed, "That little bomb shelter you have under the other room, John. We may be saved yet! "He was referring to Mr. Barr. Mr. Barr spoke, "No. It's too small. It was only made for Julia and me. No, I am afraid you are going to have to find refuge somewhere else."

"I saved you from a rattlesnake and you turn me out when I am in need of shelter. It's not going to be that way John. No! I am coming in! "

Mr. Barr spoke forceably, "Get away!" He broke the end of a champagne bottle and wavered it around threateningly. "Get away or I'll cut you to ribbons!"

They all backed away. Barr and his wife entered their bomb shelter and locked the door. "Now they can't get in! Let's see if there's anything on the radio." said Barr. He turned it on. The booming voice said, "This has been the fifth chapter of 'Atomic War'. Tune in next week at the same time. Will the atomic bombs hit? Only time can tell! "He turned it off.

> Chris Dornan 7EW



RH.

#### **MOONBEAM**

It lay draped in the sky line some malevolent serpent, its knowing, venomous sneer beamed the blackest of all light earthward on to the cringing animals and cowering evergreens. It shone on the queerly sparkling lake that revelled in evil ecstacy at the light of the moon.

The morning found the three hunters paddling into an unnamed lake high in the Canadian north. The guide provided an incessant but uninteresting dialogue that drifted over the water and then faded into nothingness, unloved and certainly unwanted. Sometimes, however, he came out with some profound statement or interesting

"Well," thought Jim Bartell in the front of the canoe, "give a monkey a typewriter and eventually he'll spell a

Red Hollings slept in the middle of the canoe. He was prodded out of this blissful state by the guide, who in his sargeant-major voice bellowed out that they were the first men to pass through these waters in over 250 years, and they were the first white men ever to set foot near this lake.

Red Hollings, now awake, asked why the lake was deserted. He pointed out that there were many animal tracks in the area and so food would be plentiful.

"Gentlemen, it's just that the Indians are scared stiff of this place. They say it has spirits that are more evil than the

Both men looked at the guide with surprise. They knew the stories of the Wendigo; the evil spirit who roamed the woods. It seemed surprising that the Indians could hold something in greater dread than the Wendigo.

Jim Bartell posed the question, "Did all this start 250

years ago when the last Indian came here?"

The answer came quickly, "Oh, no! Ever since the Indians can remember this place has been taboo, but over 250 years ago a strong brave tried to raise himself above mortal status by defeating the spirits. He never came back, and nobody ever went to look for him. They say it happens in the night."

The two men in the front of the canoe had the idea at the same time, "Let's camp here."

At first the guide tried, almost hysterically, to lure them somewhere else-anywhere else, but, after many reflections on his courage by the other two men he relented, and paddled into shore.

They swung into the now routine task of setting up tent and chopping wood. However, as the day advanced, the guide became more and more disquieted. This panicky feeling could not help but rub off on Red and Jim. The woods began to change, slowly, stealthily; its changes were tiny and insignificant but it was changing sure enough. The once bright woods became sombre, brooding. It was now a forest, not of trees, but of fear.

The guide looked at the sun and made his decision, he had about an hour to get away.

He told the men that he was going to take the canoe out of the lake and up the river and camp there and return in the morning to collect the equipment.

He pleaded with them to come with him, away from the lake, but Jim and Red mocked him. He looked at them with pity in his eyes, entreated them one more time to come with him and then paddled quickly out of the lake and up the

river.

The sun sank below the rim of trees and the moon rose. The men edged closer to the fire. Beyond their puny circle of firelight lay a forest and a lake that they now feared. All at once the fire flared up and abruptly went out.

Moonbeams girated wildly, catching the two men and flickering them into the lake now tumultuous with

phospherescent specks.

Red and Jim were led by dancing spectres that writhed gleefully in the fiery moonbeams. They led them past altars where lustrous Things danced and slaughtered other indescribable monstrosities.

Everywhere there was dancing and singing. Somewhere a giant organ croaked out evil sounding melodies. Creatures that did not invite close inspection growled hideously and devoured screaming victims. Everywhere incense was contributing its acrid, pungent fumes.

Custom-made tortures were made to bear on Red and Jim. Indescribable tortures that made mock of man's own

attempt in the art.

And then came the ultimate torture. Fiery moonbeams swarmed over the two men, and ever so slowly baked them

The guide paddled up to the shore in the early morning. His eyes averted the singed and mutilated bodies. He was still terrified by the screams he had heard in the night. He put the food into the canoe and quickly paddled off.

> -Laurence Mardon Form III

#### THE DREAMERS

There's always something new to do today; Old things are quickly done with, pass away From all our senses; but our mind Retains a pleasant memory of things past. The happiness, the color and the pain, Come back to life just as they were before; Creating in the present, what was past; A dreamlike image of reality. Escape from life cannot be found in dreams; The present binds us up within a wall, A concrete wall, from which there's no escape; No chance to break the stifling bonds of life 'Til death provides us with a better way, And all humanity is nought but dust.

> -John Bredin Form V

#### THE BOND OF MUSIC

Music is a universal language which not only endeavors to sever the barrier of communication between diverse nationalities, but also endeavors to institute a mental telepathy between man and animal. As such an interpreter, music has developed numerous styles to concatenate with prevailing traditions, guiding spiritually and physically. Life of the past has also been transmitted, in its different phases, through music, a distinct idiosyncracy of the different epochs. Such music is still appreciated today, although it originated many years past, and validates the power of communication which allows music to conquer time. Music has become the literature of man's emotions, the passion of mind which has developed the world into a switchboard of war and social pressure.

Both man and animal have many thoughts which cannot be expressed, but music has completely dissolved this impediment into a saturated composition of mind and spirit. Although all animals alone—cannot produce the music, they are continually attracted by its magnetic field, a field of sonority transformed into a solitary emotion. These emotions, as human emotions, have been constituted to inaugurate a new phase of life which can be understood by all nations. Music, in its precalent structures, has promoted peace among countries as the universal element which conjoins their otherwise diversified interests and powers. As such an element, music must be promoted to advance equally with the expanding forces of our world.

Music as a tradition has given man the initiative to improve himself and his country. This music imprints successfully its own purpose and materialize it into incentive for nationalism. With such a purpose, music acquires the form of an anthem, the expansive force which conjoins the individuals of a country into a powerful constitution to enrich its goal. Personal traditions institute established forms of music to validate the custom and to enliven its

purpose. The most customary of these forms is the Christmas carol, a fashion which has grown in strength and acceptance to institute an element which strengthens the resolution of the individual to improve his own condition and to exhilarate his success. In this way, tradition induces man to conquer the resilient elements which repel his expansion.

As a chronicle, music has brought to us the life and thoughts of the past in the classical music which is highly accepted by society today as an improtant source of knowledge. Although the younger generation has instituted a popular form of music, it does not have the power to rival with classical mucic. Classical music expands the events of history which have been detailed in literature and at the same time contains the hidden description of life in the past. The early seventeenth century music of Johann Sebastian Bach implies a daintiness which inevitably procures the traditions of his time. Classical music not only satisfies a knowledge of the past, but also provides the harmonious entertainment which today promotes society to an organized and stable pattern of life. This is certainly quite a contrast to the disorder of music which is being produced by our younger generation. Classical music is the basis of a stable society, and therefore the foundation of a powerful world.

Music is the center of infinite rays which diffuse out as constituents of amelioration in the existent world enigmas. The bond of music has penetrated the barriers of world expansion and is now attempting to destroy them. As a powerful solvent of unity, music will slowly disintegrate the opposing forces and attempt to constitute world expansion in our forboding environment, the endless universe.

Stephan Kruegar Form III



# AN UNCONQUERABLE MASS

The sea is something to be feared and to be liked. It is an example of luck. As Ian Fleming wrote, "Luck has to be accepted with a shrug or taken advantage of to the hilt." It roars and pounds. It is lethal and should not be played with. It is almost unconquerable. But to conquer something you must know it. This is the fatal mistake and should be avoided. The sea can do terrible things but it still remains as a major attraction for foolhardy young hot-heads. The sea unfortunately has a mystic quality which it keeps using as bait to uncertain young men who hope to find adventure and romance without them over exerting themselves. But the sea soon repays them and they know it as they sink below the surface, bedraggled hulks of human beings.

But on the other hand, to conquer the sea is a triumph almost unparalleled. It shows how puny a man is when he stands up to shuddering cascades of water. It is a power that when unleashed sends boats scurrying like ants from the horny snout of an anteater. After a single-handed triumph a man knows how precarious life is. He knows he is balanced on the edge of a bottomless pit waiting, waiting for the fateful moment which has to come. If a man returns back, he shows not the same foolishness again, but a feeling of freedom and knowledge of life as a thing. It seems impossible a man can fall in love with the thing that kills him, but it happens.

The sea can be grey, green or blue or almost even black. But the sea also hides things like coral and sea fans. It seems these beautiful things do not belong in the sea which is just an oily, gushing and flowing mass. The sea is living not in the way we consider life but in a spirit which could be life.

The sea is grey mark but can sometimes have a serenity that a student of yoga would envy. At other times it shows a wiliness and sheer exertion of sheer power which shames such a toulike thing as the atom bomb. It can rock a boat as gently as a mother and then smash it with its freight of human cargo to a pulp almost ready to be made into a newspaper. Then the sea digests it using voracious reptiles and the age old system of rotting. To an ordinary person it means death, until he has lived with it at which time he comes above our so called ordinary person, the thing about the sea is it shows us who we really are. It can either break a person or make him. The lethal question is: WHICH ONE?

James Hutchison Form II

#### **DEATH**

The fiery sun was past its peak, and shone down mercilessly from the azure heavens, upon the placid waters of the lake. All was calm. All was silent. Then, as if the dazzling silence was too good to last, a foul earsplitting roar ripped the air into shreds of turmoil. The dragboats were out. Artificial thunder rippled across the water again and again as pistons whined and propellors whipped the tranquility into frothy fury. The shark-nosed monsters were all ready and belched furiously as they eased up to the start on now choppy waters. The gun cracked, and simultaneously, a dozen whining propellors churned, drivers cursed, and the fans roared as the streamlined fiberglass hulls sped away from the start and began the gruelling course. Knifing the waters out in front at the tumal tucrus pack two boats whizzed recklessly along, side by side, grappling for the ever so precious lead. The water boiled as the two skimmed along, neck and neck, with barely six feet between them. Then, suddenly, one of the two boats shot forward as its driver made one last surge to pass his opponent. The crowds gasped. With all its speed, the nose of the boat suddenly lifted . . . . hesitated . . . then, like a bird leaped into the air with a sickening whine as her engines over-revved. Slowly the dagger sharp nose spiralled upward, twisting and turning in its death dance. Then it came knifing down toward the other awe-stricken driver like a hurtling spear. The rending heat of metal split the air and sparks flew as the two bodies merged to one and tumbled across the water. The impact sent a wall of glassy water high into the air, which came twinkling down in a million glistening droplets. Before the mist cleared a gigantic, fiery red mushroom of flame, flecked with black, billowed up into the sky in searing gory, and a rumbling boom echoed across the lake. Then even the last ripples of water of sound lessened and faded away. The fiery sun was past its peak, and shone down mercilessly, from the azure heavens, upon the placid waters of the lake. All was calm . . . all was silent . . . .

> Richard Alms Form V





#### THE CORRUPT WORLD

Although technical advances have been abundant, swift, and continuous, it seems that the ethically raw insides of man's character have remained. Theoretically, when applied to a graph, the scientific discoveries and imporvements as a function of time from early stages of man to today would form a rapidly rising graph, while if the advances were replaced by moral maturity, there would be a straight line, signifying that while this earth is being modernized materialistically, man's sense of peace, brotherhood, and coexistence has stayed the same as in prehistoric times. This worldwide corruption is epitomized in the United States, where in a sense of capital and facilities the standard of living is high. There also, lie the violence of the Democratic convention in Chicago, a prejudiced and sadistic leader,

George Wallace, and unjust treatment of Negroes.

In certain southern states of the United States such as Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi, the position of the Negro is deplorable. There, Negroes, who make up over twenty percent of the population, are the bottom of the economic, social, and educational strata. Negroes are forbidden to use certain segregated buses; homogeneous schools are predominant; one large section of apartments in each city is generally the only accommodation for the Negroes, and few white people would "debase" themselves to lease an apartment in their building to a Negro. These restrictions are imposed upon a black man in the South solely because he is a Negro, and have been inherited from white forefathers who first made the Negro perform slave labour at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1619. The southern states have sought to veil these misdeeds by passing virtuous acts such as the Supreme Court decree of 1954 (that segregation in schools was unconstitutional), and the Civil Rights Act of 1965 which assured voting rights to Negroes; nevertheless, the ratio of eligible white voters who are allowed to vote to those who are Negroes is eight to five. While a prime example, the southern United States region is not the only microcosm of racial injustice. In Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa, the government enforces the corrupt racial segregation. In these nations, buses, taxis, hospitals, streets, bridges, sidewalks, and parkbenches are segregated. Soaring above these park benches are modern edifices of science and technology.

George Wallace and his policies lie within the shadow of his rise to power. He used a relatively modern, and definitely progressive institution, representative government, to become a southern United States Congressman and candidate for President. Since rising to his post, Wallace has displayed the sadistic and animalistic traits which have characterized many corrupt leaders who have risen in this manner. Wallace is a segregationist and aims to deprive American Negroes of the few rights which they have achieved. He revealed his characteristic barbarism while giving a reporter his opinion of strikes and peaceful protests. His comment was that if a protester placed himself in front of Wallace's car, he would not sit in front of another thereafter. A similarly corrupt leader of this century was Adolf Hitler. Throughout the world, these types of government officials are in evidence and dramatically exemplify the contrast between the achievements of man (stable government) and ethical injustice.

Another illustration of the misuse of power was the brutality with which the Chicago police force dealt with Vietnam demonstrators at the recent Democratic Convention. Demonstrators at the recent protest who walked peacefully along the sidewalks of Chicago, stopped at traffic lights, and obeyed other pedestrian rules were viciously attacked by the policemen who had been instructed to act in this manner by Mayor Daley of Chicago. These men had obviously been told by Daley to attack without asking questions. Many newspapermen and reporters were among the victims. In one instance, a pair of reporters from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation were caught in one of these massacres. All around them, placard-waving teenagers and adults were being clubbed viciously. One of these reporters relates that two policemen took hold of the other pressman, beat him savagely on the skull, dropped his bleeding body, and pranced away, holding hands and chanting, "We got him! We got him!" Another contemporary example of the barbaric misuse of power was the Soviet strongarm invasion of Czechoslovakia in late August of 1968. Again, the deterioration of morals is found to be keeping pace with an increase of power.

As the world progresses in the fields of medicine, science, and moon probing, among others, these achievements are omnipresent. It shows itself by way of misuse of power and position, and by inheritance of age-old morals, to name a few methods. Because of the proportional rise in each, a Utopian, free, and modern society which some visualize cannot be reached, and the opposite extreme may well be

attained.

Raj Anand Form III

#### FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK

The fountain stood in the heart of the park. From a distance it looked only as a shaped mass of grey marble, spewing forth the spray in crystal sheets. Its great beauty could only be appreciated when one was adjacent to it.

It was formed in different ways in diverse places around its structure, and even these differed when viewed, from several angles. At one angle it was an embryo, expanding around a central core; at another, a maiden in the classical style astride a column, from which springs issued forth about her feet, and at another, it was an ascending order of platters, from which water would flow over one and would thus drop to the larger receptacle below it.

At the southern end of the sculpture, there lay a pool, ringed by grey marble, and inhabited by fish of a deep, golden hue. It was fed in a familiar way, with streams of dancing water issuing from the mouths of beautifully formed fishes' heads.

A smaller "wishing pool" lay above the goldfish pool-constructed in the same intricate way, with smoothly-finished grey marble enclosing the clear, deep water. Then again, this smaller pool was terraced, all in masonry, into several smaller pools till each, fed by small and rushing water falls from the level before it, and each cataract rising in a steep crescendo as the water rushed by the layered pools.

From another angle several figurines stood, formed with exquisite craftmanship and sculpted to a polygonal pedestal. From the midst of these shot out a powerful geyser of water, rising in height to some twenty feet. Ringlets of crystal spewed forth from the slate-grey pedestal, curving upwards graciously and falling back to a large shallow pool beneath it.





Intricacy and detail were the two keynotes to this flowing, sculptured form. They were to be found everywhere about it. All were fashioned in velvet-grey marble—every aspect of the huge watery figure was of that slate-grey tone. The jets of spray were placed to their best advantage; the whole thing was enveloped in a curtain of it, that when penetrated revealed a fairy-land in stone. The original masons had been so exact in their work that at times the inanimate features and rings of pure, clear water seemed to contain living substance, and at other times they held an almost ethereal quality as though the inanimate hands of the figurines had spirit within them, and beckoned to you, not only in the graceful flourishes of stone, but also through this innate soul.

All has been mentioned but the base of this massive piece. This formed a solid contrast to the rest of the fountain. Perfect symmetry lay behind this stern sentinel—everything about the base was perpendicular and somewhat angular. It was perfectly cubular, most unlike the flowing style of the sculptures about it. Yet the pedestal signified the fall from the "sublime to the ridiculous" and hence heightened the effect of the fountain by emphasizing more the stone figures supported by it.

At night, tiers of coloured floodlights aimed at the fountain, and reflected off the mist, creating a pattern of rainbow shades as the light reflected off the spray. People came from near and far to see this nocturnal phenomenon, and it can be rightly said that none came away disappointed.

So this masonry marvel stands, battling time and the elements to retain the lustre of its polished marble, and the intricacy and liquidity of its flowing flourishes. Thus it stands, a masterpiece in marble, a sentinel of the ages, a monument to the skill of man.

Allan Bennett Form II

Swirling wisps of grey doubt swish past, Causing people to secretly shiver with fear. Have you felt that life is too dear? Or is it something that will last?

Questions of existence have oft arose, Creating doubt in the minds of those who ask, "Is life only too hard a task? Or can it simply be defined in prose?"

Love and hate compare and contrast, Being results of both passion and fear. Have you felt that life is too dear? Or is it something that will last?

> Gerald Schwartz Form VI

#### STUDENTS IN REVOLT

Do the student revolts of today reflect the crisis that our society is reaching, whereby it will destroy itself internally or do they show the hatred of innocent students for the corruption that evidently grips our society? I am inclined to believe that students are products of our society and will be influenced by it. They are revolting against the society, yet if they were given power, they would form the same society, because they know no other. Therefore, student revolts are simply making evident the increasing degradation that our way of life is suffering from because of the reckless ambition of many of our inhabitants.

The revolting of students runs on a parallel to the revolting of the working class. University students of today are being trained mainly as working class employees. They will have to begin at the bottom and work up. However, because of the greatly increased technical knowledge within modern students that attend universities today, students have become more self-confident and individualistic. They spend years in school; when they are out they expect to lead an easy life with good pay. However, in our highly technical society, a university education is a necessity for obtaining a job in the working class, which compels any student to begin at the bottom. The working class of today is revolting against its poor working conditions and lack of pay. This extrinsic reason for revolt is offset by the true reason for revolt, the wish to rise above the masses and be individualistic. Likewise, the students of today are fighting for individualism and individual recognition.

Last year the student revolt at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia epitomized the connection between worker and student. The working class of Burnaby and Richmond no less than enthusiastically supported the revolt, and several businesses supplied the students with posters and billboards. The S.F.U. students had no particular reason for revolting. Simon Fraser University is one of the most adequately equipped universities in Canada. The mass of students was led on by a few radical students who had felt that student individuality had been lost. These radical leaders were prominent for a few months and then the students would follow another leader. The students had several new Deans appointed in the span of one year. However, the latest feeling among students has been a turn from the radical stand to a moderate stand. S.F.U. students have begun to realize that their position is very good, despite the apparent smothering of their individuality. The students have become individuals within a framework of the

The news media has influenced students greatly because of the extensive coverage given to student revolutions. Some students just go to revolts to get in on the excitement or to make the news. Some leaders are only starting revolts to make the news. There are many who believe deeply in their cause, but there are just as many who are happy as they

Student revolts definitely show that there is a flaw in our society, but it is not a flaw which can be righted by giving a handful of inexperienced teenagers the power of control. Students have been dissatisfied and revolutionary for centuries. It is a stage in the life development of students. The less publicity these revolts get, the less violent the revolts will be, and support of them will soon die out. Student revolts do make us realize the corruption in some of the prominent establishments of our society and makes the individual view our society with less esteem.

> Kent Stewart Form V

#### A TALE OF WOE

The man, short and swarthy, kicked nervously at the old tin can. It rolled up the slight incline a way, paused as if wondering where to go and then rattled down into the gutter. This was how it was in life for Old Garth; he rolled uphill for awhile but then when his business failed, he was pushed into the gutter of the city-the slums. A quick glance at him told you he was badly off; his aged brown suit, under the strains of fifteen years, was faded and frayed, the more obvious holes were patched with bits of old rags, sewn in place with large, plebeian stitches and coarse black thread, his shoes were worn thin at the soles and were scuffed badly on top. He wore no coat, no hat. He had no money, no respect, no hope. Each day, uninspired, he shambled along through the higher class streets of the city, unfolding his palms towards any passers-by. Sometimes a pitying soul would drop a few coins into his outstretched hands, but more often they went by, silently saying "No." Such was the life of the old man. No one worried about him, no one cared.

# HOCKEY-S.J.R.





#### FUN IN THE SUN IN

This year's Winter Carnival was a credit to its orgainizers. The key word was fun, and the snow-oriented frolics provided just that. The day began with a broomball game and at the same time a Nats versus Senior "A" game. The Senior "A's" won largely because they were shooting at the "sieve" and the Nats were short a few players. Nevertheless, Fran Huck found time to show a few boys a trick or two.

The broomball game pitted anyone against everyone, and featured wild melees in front of either net. Fortunately, nothing more than several bruised and lacerated shins, and frozen extremeties resulted. The whole scene must have been a delight to the eye however with tens of wallowing rhinos and Mr. Ramsey scrambling about after a ball. If one had to pick a star it would have to be Mr. Ramsey who showed himself to be porous as a goalie and ineffective as a forward, but who livened up the proceedings with his Maori mating calls, and fierce cheers of "Up the All Blacks." He also converted a number of innocent by standers by handing out Quotations from Chairman Holyoake to any likely subject. The final score was Anyone 10, Everyone 3.

The fun-filled happening next in line was the three-legged race. There were only two teams entered so it was decided to have it a relay with two legs (not three; the name is misnomer.) As a result everyone could win. The winners, no reflection on their personalities were, Stewart Searle and Jane Harrison, and John Hutchings and Janet Denmark were the respective legs, no reflection intended on any of the four's limbs particularly the charming and talented girls.

The snow sculpture contest was held immediately after the two legged relay, and the second, third, and fourth best sculptures, i.e. in no order of merit. Hockey S.J.R.?, Bootlegger's Dream and World Hockey 1970 received prizes. In addition to these, other sculptures of great merit or even greater merit were lovingly constructed; Andy Capp disguised as a lobster and a turtle disguised as a Great Bernard were among the highlights of the remaining objets d'art.



#### **BALMY WINNIPEG**





In keeping with Carnival policy of non-stop fun, the next frolic was snow football. Hard-nosed Jane Harrison had her face rearranged (not without desirable consequences) while putting a crushing cross-body block on the goal post. Aside from the occasional electrifying run by Long Gone Thomas, the game fell into a pattern of punt and return punt, and aside from the monumental battles on the line between Heather Gladstone, and Janet Hinton there is not much to report here.

After the snow bowl game which was won by the white stetsons over the black stetsons the visitor was free to enjoy dinner, which was free. After dinner came the tally-hos. The format was the same as in other years: straw, horses, and extreme cold. The prize for throwing the most people off the sled, and under its runners was not awarded this year as no one had their legs crushed, and therefore, no outright winner could be declared.

After the tally-ho was over, and all the straw removed from stuffed shirts, the frollies entered a new phase, namely a dance, featuring the sweet amplified sounds of the U.F.O. At the first break, four unemployed Moabites having nothing better to do changed clothes with their dates, unfortunately, not on the dance floor. They decided to hold a spontaneous Carnival Queen Contest, and when the four, Mr. Laidlaw, Brian Spooner, Don Percifield, Rob Mitchell, returned looking for all the world like stars of the Croatian field hockey team, it was unanimously decided to vote all four winners (it being a title no one else wanted anyway.) When these had been cleared from the dance floor, one and all were able to do their own dancing thing. At last when the last buzz had left their shattered ear drums, all the tired little teddy bears lying in bed could look back on it all, and not without a certain catch in their voices say, "Golly, it was swell."



SNOW SCULPTURE PRIZE WINNERS



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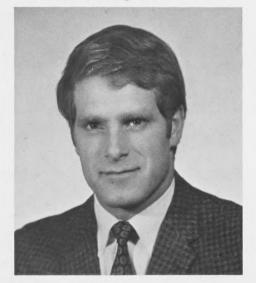


P.L. RAMSEY, B.Sc. (Auckland)

He was educated at schools at Onewhero and Selwyn College, Auckland, New Zealand. He graduated with a B.Sc. in Mathematics in 1965 from the University of Auckland and received a Diploma in Teaching from Auckland Teachers' College the same year.

He taught three years at Palmerston North Boys High School where he was also a Boarding master. He left New Zealand in 1968 for a trip around Europe, arriving in Canada to start to teach science and mathematics at S.J.R., September, 1968.

His interests are rugger, shooting, bridge and Canada's winter sports.



D.B. JACKSON, B.Sc. of Ed. (N. Dak.)

Mr. Bruce Jackson was educated in Winnipeg at Isaac Brock and Daniel McIntyre Schools. After winning a Hockey Scholarship to the University of North Dakota he received a B.Sc. in Education, having majored in Physical Education.

Since coming to the Lower School, he has been involved fully in the boarding area. He has particularly made his presence felt in the Hockey Arena. As a "camper", the writer is not so sure of Mr. Jackson's prowess!



Miss Fleming was born and educated in Scotland. After three years of education in teaching at Jordanhill College of Education, Glasgow, she graduated with the Scottish Diploma of Education, and went on to teach for one year in Scotland before coming out to Canada. Since she came to Canada she has been teaching in the Fort Garry school Division until bringing her considerable knowledge, useful experience, and Scottish vivacity to our Grade 2 classroom. In addition to her other accomplishments, she is well on the way to completing an Arts degree in her "spare time."



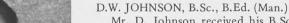
#### MRS. K.D. ALLEN, Ed.Cert. (Man.)

Mrs. Allen was born and educated in Sperling, Manitoba. After graduating from Manitoba Teachers' College, she began her teaching experience at Headingley and went on to build up a fine career at Laidlaw School in Tuxedo. We are fortunate that Mrs. Allen was prepared to leave her wellestablished position at Laidlaw, and to bring the wealth of her experience to our Form 3 classroom. She has already proved to be a monumental success in the school in every sphere of its activity, not the least of which was some brilliant stage costuming.

W.S. MacMILLAN, B.P.E. (Man.)

Bill MacMillan graduated from the University of Manitoba with a Bachelor of Physical Education Degree in 1968. In September, he took over the managing duties of Dutton Memorial Arena from Ken Broderick and is presently teaching geography to Forms II, III, IV in Upper School. Besides playing for Canada's National Hockey Team, he coaches the Senior A Hockey Team at S.J.R. His plans for the future are to continue teaching and to begin a master's program this summer.





Mr. D. Johnson received his B.Sc. and B.Ed. degrees from the University of Manitoba. In his junior years he attended United College.

Before joining the staff of St. John's Ravenscourt School, he taught Junior and Senior High School in the public school system of Manitoba.

At present, he is a member of a Mathematics Curriculum Committee. He served on the Manitoba Provincial Examiners Board for two years.

Mr. Johnson enjoys badminton, skating, swimming, and bowling.





G.J. LAIDLAW, B.Sc. (Man.)

Mr. Laidlaw was educated in elementary schools in Winnipeg, and attended the University of Manitoba where he obtained a B.Sc. (Hons.) in 1968. After graduating he began to teach at S.J.R. At S.J.R. he has taught Mathematics and Science and coached Rugby and Hockey teams.

D.G.G. CHABOT, M.A. (Edin.)

Mr. Chabot attended the English School of Paris and private schools in England. He was granted the degree of M.A. in history by Edinburgh University after specialising in African History.

Since graduation he has taught in Scotland before joining S.J.R. in September, 1968.

Apart from history and languages, he is interested in running, hiking, skiing, shooting, as well as music and literature.



#### **VALETE**



A.R.L. GLEGG, B.A. (LONDON)

Mr. Glegg came to S.J.R. in 1964. He was educated in England and Rhodesia, where he attended the University College of Rhodesia, obtaining his B.A. He then spent two years at the University of London, doing post-graduate work. He was awarded the Post-Graduate Certificate in Education, and the Academic Diploma in Education.

During his years at S.J.R. he has lived in Thompson House and the school house in Wildwood, acting as a boarding master.

He was married in 1966 and now has a two year old daughter.

In sports Mr. Glegg coached Senior Soccer and Cross-Country, and the Playground A and B Bantam Hockey teams. He also worked with the Track and Field programme. He was a Civilian Instructor in the Cadet Corps, and since that was disbanded he has looked after the shooting in the Upper School.

His guitar appeared in various functions such as Fathers' and Sons' Weekend, and Theatre Happening and "Our Sound", and this year he produced the school play, "Thieves' Carnival" by Jean Anouilh. This was the first joint production with Balmoral Hall.

In 1967 Mr. Glegg was in charge of the school when it was used as a residence by the Canadian Swimming Championships, and then by 200 athletes participating in the Pan-American Games.

Mr. Glegg has travelled widely over the last five years, going seven times to Barbados, twice to Britain and twice to Rhodesia.

He is returning to Rhodesia to teach and hopes to complete his M.A. (Education) soon, with the aim of lecturing in Education at university level.



GORDON D. McLEOD, B.A. (TOR.), M.A. (MAN.)

At the end of June Mr. McLeod will be leaving St. John's Ravenscourt to begin a new career at Lakehead University where he has been appointed Director of Residence and an Assistant Professor in the Department of English.

Mr. McLeod came to S.J.R. five years ago after having been on the staff of Ridley College in Ontario for fourteen years. When he left Ridley he was Head of English and a Housemaster. Before that he had attended the University of Toronto where he graduated as a Gold Medalist. He also taught in the Collegiate system in Ontario and worked in publishing with Thomas Nelson and Sons.

During his five years at S.J.R. Mr. McLeod has played an active part in the life of the school. Most important, of course, has been his contribution as staff advisor to this yearbook, The Eagle. He also produced five school plays: BILLY BUDD, MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL, A THEATRE HAPPENING, RICHARD II, and THE YEARS OF CHANGE. In the spring of 1965 and 1967 he conducted tours to New York City for a total of seventy boys from the school. For two years Mr. McLeod has been Housemaster of Hamber House and for all five years he has been a Boarding Master in Hamber Hall. He also found time to look after the bookstore and to organize and coach Six-Man Rugby. One of the jobs that he enjoyed most was his connection with chapel services; he co-ordinated the organization of chapel readings and arrangements for daily chapel and Sunday services in the hope that someday there would be a Chapel of the Red River to house these services.

During his years in Manitoba Mr. McLeod became involved in research into Canadian Fiction and in Manitoba

fiction in particular. At the University of Manitoba he completed his M.A. in 1966 with his thesis THE PRIMEVAL ELEMENT IN THE PRAIRIE NOVELS OF F.P. GROVE. He has completed most of the course work for his Ph.D. at the same University. Last summer he was given a Research Grant for work on the papers of Ralph Connor which he had brought to light in Winnipeg. He addressed the Holderlin Society at the University on three different occasions concerning his work on three Manitoba authors: Grove, Roy and Connor.

In the fall of this year Mr. McLeod wrote and produced THE YEARS OF CHANGE, a mosaic of the history of S.J.R., as a tribute to the headmastership of R. L. Gordon. His strong feelings of loyalty to the spirit of St. John's-Ravenscourt were expressed in that production as were his dreams of what this school will someday become.

At the end of June Mr. McLeod will have completed twenty-one years in the classroom; during that time he has said many things but none more often than the following:

"The truth shall make you free."

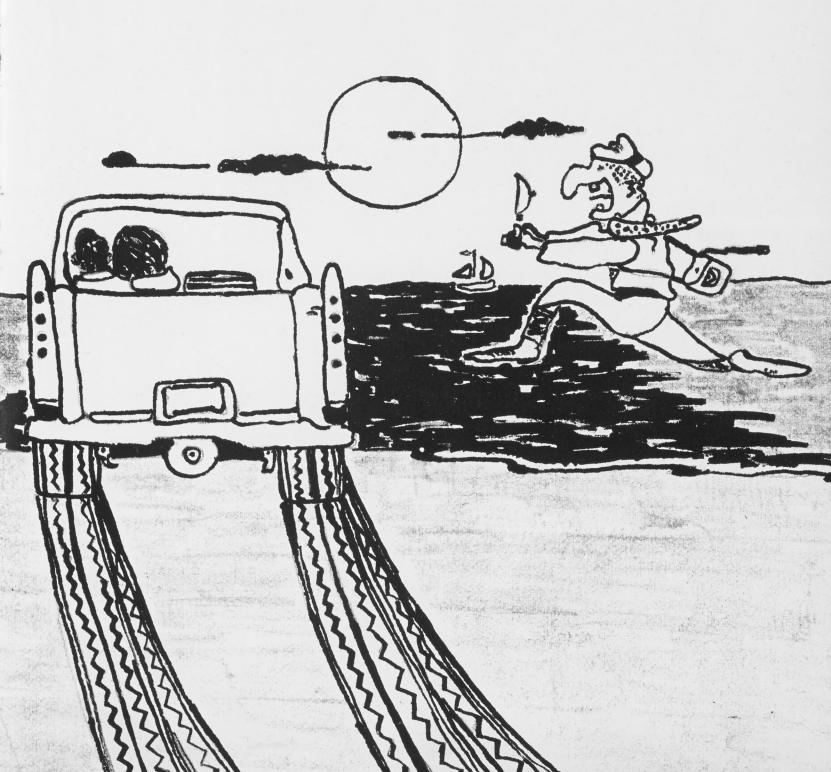
"If God were to reveal himself he would be destroyed."

Frederick Philip Grove

"Yet all experience is an arch wherethro' Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades For ever and for ever when I move."

Tennyson

# SMILE...







**STAFF** 











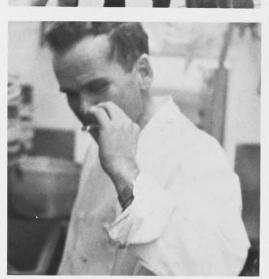






























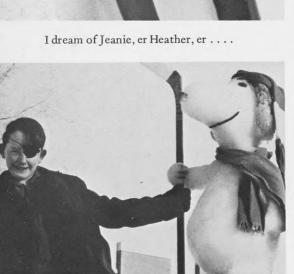


The Mafia . . . .



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The Boys.

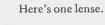


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Don . . . !

She loves me, she loves me

not.



Hi Hansel!



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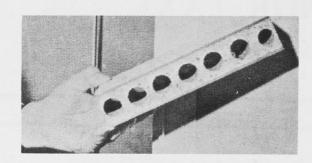
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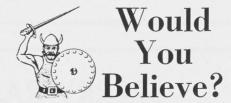
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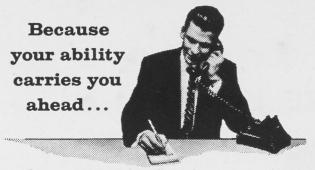
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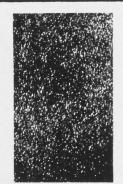
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(The School Hymn)

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight.
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In this our green and pleasant land.

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Peter Fattal Form III

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Form IV
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Form V

DANIEL WOOLF

Form VI

IAN HENDERSON
Form Remove

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Form VII EW

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Form II
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Form III Raj Anand

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NATHAN KOBRINSKY

Form V LAWRENCE THOMPSON Form IV
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